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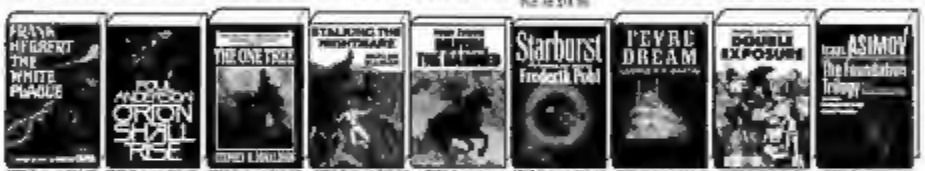

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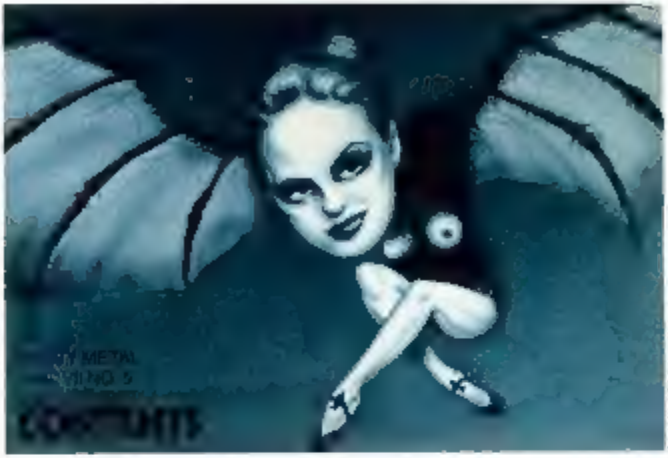

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DOSSIER

Prince keeps his most valuable possessions warm.

Photo by Al Smaltino

NUVINYL: BLACKLUSTER

This year's twenty-fifth birthday of the Motown record label (complete with smarmy network TV special) brings a thought-parade wafting through this white boy's head about the current state of black pop music. After a decade in the dumper, black pop seems to be finding itself again—and true to form, caucasian chromedomes such as myself are busy telling you why.

If the early sixties incursion into (white) mainstream pop awareness by Motown's A-Team represented a renaissance of black American music—the refinement of the vocally involving, melodically inventive, concise pop statement—then the seventies, armed with glossy, meaningless dance music, was a slick seducer into a new Dark Age. (No pun, assholes.)

With only a couple of exceptions (holdovers from the renaissance, mostly), black pop lost much of its white audience in the seventies—and not without good reason. Diverted into narcissism, show-biz superficiality, and tedious cliché by billions of beckoning bucks, most of the stuff simply sucked. A John Waters nightmare image of the era endures: a line of snappily-attired smiling oreos (with names like "The Canarsies," or "Leroy Melvin and the Limp Nodes"), all dancing and hand-jiving in unison, singing some stupid harassment about "getting down." Pathetic. Only a paltry handful—Labelle, Chic, the Jacksons, Parliament / Funkadelic—seemed interested in preserving whatever vitality remained in the black mainstream, though even these guys restricted themselves to a narrow emotional spectrum, and remained fundamentally escapist. (A good portion of the late-seventies rock vs. disco antagonism can also be ascribed to shallow-grave racism triggered by cultural symbolism implicit in the music.)

Some of that audience polarization finally seems to be drifting back toward healthy integration, thanks to a Cadillac-load of great records from black artists. More than just convincing honkies to slap record store clerks with five (hell, eight—this is 1983), a number of new black vinyl products have also done their bit for cross-cultural insemination and smashing the barriers of genre chauvinism (more symbolic racism—like MTV). It should be pointed out, though, that once again (as in the sixties blues boom most recently) it's taken foreigners to show us whiteys the value of our homegrown music. While the obvious preference white audiences have for black music erased by cute English boys—rather than the stuff from those unruly ruffians who play their tombstone-sized radios loudly in the streets—might be disturbing, it has at least lubricated the way in for the music's originators. Personally, I think George Clinton's much cuter than Boy George, but that's another story.

Most visible on the barricades of commerce recently has been **Michael Jackson**, propelled by the godzilla success of his **Thriller** LP (Epic). Not only have Jackson's slick videos trashed MTV's genre/color line (the *West Side Story*-ish "Beat It," and the "Billie—designer—Jean" commercial), but he's also set racism back twenty-five years by inviting three otay eminences to lend a pink hand on his record (Eddie Van Halen to beat his ax for cowardice on "Beat It," Vincent Price to ham it up hilariously on the title-cut rap, and an embarrassing bit of Paul-and-Paulaing with Mc-Cartney on "The Girl Is Mine"). And Jackson has singlehandedly booted dancing *forward* a good century or two—whew! That boy's pelvis must've been designed by NASA engineers! But, the question is, is the record any good? Well, I slept four of the nine songs, which points up black pop's longstanding embrace of the single at the expense of the album, and also Lou's enduring blind spot for squishy ballads (Gag me with a string section!). The four, however, are superlative examples of the state-of-the-art single-making: sensually exhilerating, produced (by Quincy Jones, the Walt Disney of the recording studio) with impeccable style and textural richness, and even some exposure of Mikey's own viewpoint on growing up in public. A stunning piece of work.

Prince is the only other human in the world who dances in the same league with Jackson (someday the two of them might be as good as James Brown). As he proved at a sold-out Radio City show in N.Y.C. recently, Prince is a man in full control of his body, his band, his music, his image, and his audience. Ignoring, for the moment, the suspicions aroused by anyone who aspires to that sort of control, I can at least appreciate the appearance of a thinking human being at work—though far too often, Prince thinks with his balls. Until **1999** (Warner Bros.)—his fifth LP (not bad for a twenty-three year old)—I just couldn't stand the schmuck. His music was pregnant with cliches, engorged with neurotic self-obsession, and tumescent with his humorless invocation of the black-macho-stud. ("I-fuck-you-'til-you-gargle-in-my-cum stereotype. Offensive to say the least. With 1999, Prince-of-whales' shlong-worship recedes into a shared pantheon with mush-minded utopianism (absurdly hailed by caucasian critics everywhere—if Prince's lyrics had come from the mouth of a long-haired white boy, I'm sure the same clowns would hoot and sneer . . . adolescent gibberish remains such regardless of source). Despite excessive wrongthink, Prince's craftsmanship (both in song architecture and studio etiquette—he does *everything* himself) is exemplary, and 1999 is (excuse the expression) one fuck of a dance/party record, and his live show, a charismatic tour de force. Princely spin-offs **Sheila E.** (**The Glamorous Life**, Warner), and **Vanity 6** (**Vanity 6**, Warner) are much less successful, applying burlesque (ha-ha for the former, lingerie for the latter) to ease the chafing of skin-deep funk.

From the Prince, we elevate to the king: **George Clinton**, late of the one-for-all Parliament/Funkadelic domain, now of the all-for-one solo career (**Computer Games**, Capitol). Clinton's inspired marriage of (James) Brownian motion with Richard Pryor foolishness (had the latter inhaled nitrous oxide instead of free-based coke) has always been refreshingly insane—a lone beacon of lunacy amidst the straight-assed conservatism of most funk music. And *Computer Games* measures up to the countless Clinton-masterminded recaros of the last decade, even down to the proportions of multi-layered hysteria (twenty minutes) to lukewarm leftovers (ten minutes). Clinton's stopover in New York (at the Red Parrot) was nothing short of exultant, with the audience (nearly outnumbered by the troops on stage) totally losing their minds. The stage dynamics were fascinating to watch, the personnel shifted constantly during the two-and-a-half hour show, Clinton appearing like a benign deity to bless the proceedings, lead a chant, and sing a bit, then floating offstage. **Bootsy Collins** even made an appearance to lead the crowd through "Body Slam," which definitely made my evening. The whole tribal ritual atmos-

phere reminded me of shows by Sun Ra and King Sunny Ade; all three men exhibit a calm, confident leadership of their groups, the mutual love and respect evident on everyone's face. Woot woot!

My main gripe with funk these days is that there are still far too few people willing to take risks. It's almost uniformly complacent, formulaic music, and most everyone doing it seems happy to have it that way. Well, Lou's not happy, guys.

—Lou Stathis

GAYE LIBERATION

One may wonder why **Marvin Gaye**'s career has been such an elusive affair, as this smoothie moves in and out of the public eye with seeming disregard for commercial consequences. Truth is, Marvin had been the odd-man-out at Motown for a long time, and it was only recently that he was able to terminate his contract there and begin again. While Smokey Robinson and label chief Berry Gordy remained tight as a drum, Gaye fell into disfavor over ten years ago when he was held responsible by Gordy for the untimely demise of Tammi Terrell. At this point in time, Motown gave Marvin the go-ahead to record an album of mostly self-produced original songs—a first for this tightly-held company—assuming that he'd produce self-indulgent, non-commercial fare that would serve to end his career.

The result, *What's Goin' On*, spelled the death of Motown as a musical factory-line, proving that artists can go out on a limb, maintain their integrity, and still have chart success. This went over none too well with Gordy, nor did Gaye's marriage to his daughter... it was looking too much like Marvin was holding all the cards. Try as they would to bury him, the music was too strong to go unrecognized (the details of this were fictionalized into a novel, *Number One With a Bullet*, by a former Motown staffer).

So we all know that Marvin divorced Motown and his former beloved, moved to Europe, and instantly produced one of the biggest crossover r&b hits of all time: **"Sexual Healing"** (Columbia). But this is just the tip of the iceberg-to-be, as Marvin's new residence promises even more advanced musical adventures, and his latest claim is that the follow-up is "at least three times as controversial" as his recent hit. Truly this cat has at least three lives—one shouldn't be surprised by anything he produces.

—Jon Tiven

EXTRA-TERRA-RAP

I've been to other planets," insists **Afrika Bambaataa**. "Like Saturn, it's really swingin'—they dance on circle rings with lifted floors."

Bambaataa should know all about it, he sells just as many records outside the asteroid belt as he does here on Earth. And for the same simple reason: he and his **Soul Sonic Force** rappers make sounds that take their listeners to blissful new worlds of music and dance.

"Funk with electronics" is how Bambaataa describes the music he and Soul Sonic make with producers Arthur Baker and John Robie. **"Planet Rock"** and **"Looking for the Perfect Beat"** (Tommy Boy) are the first dance records to merge the street rhythms of rap with the multi-hued sounds and textures of synthesizers.

"Perfect Beat" is an especially wondrous record—a virtual rap symphony, with seamlessly flowing and changing rhythmic patterns and recurring vocal hooks. It recreates a crowded day on the street or in an interstellar subway car. Its synth-splotches layered like noisy graffiti. And like its predecessor "Planet Rock," "Perfect Beat" contains a utopian, one-world message: "In this world of music, there are many different tones."

This message of hope, written by Soul Sonic MC GLOBE (with contributions from other members Mr. Biggs, Pow Wow, and Jazzy Jay), is chanted in an original form of rapping known as MC poppin'. As opposed to the gritty, on-the-beat, story-telling style of the Furious Five's Melle Mel, Soul Sonic's rap language leaves narrative behind, replacing it with a word and sound collage. In their repetition and variation, the words suggest religious incantations and trances. The message is religious, too: by "looking, searching, seeking, finding," you come across your own perfect beat, your own destiny or true path. It's a vision that can turn a dance of doom into a shout for joy.

Bambaataa (who keeps his given name and age a secret) has been trying to turn death into life for more than ten years now. Growing up during the mid-seventies, a vicious era of street-gang violence in the Bronx, Bambaataa quickly saw through that way of life and became a local peacemaker and diplomat instead. And the tool of his trade was the turntable.

One of the first great DJ's on the scene that would eventually be called hip-hop or rap, Bambaataa, "master of records," brought what was left of the warring gangs together into a peace-loving mega-tribe known as the Zulu Nation (the name Bambaataa is Zulu for "affectionate leader").

A vast consortium of DJ's, rappers, break dancers, and graffiti artists, the Zulu Nation is like a multi-media Motown, featuring the Soul Sonic Force, the Cosmic Force, the Rock Steady Crew, and many, many others. Bambaataa's role is a cross between the Buddha and George Clinton—his ideas permeate the sounds, even if he does not always write, compose, or play on the records.

Already the shaggy, bass synth-driven beat of Bambaataa is widely imitated, most shamelessly by Englishmen like Malcolm McLaren and now New Order, who've at least gone to the source and recorded with Arthur Baker.

"A lot of people don't understand where we're comin' from," says Bambaataa, "and we like it that way. By 1999, we'll be on Mars—or in Cleveland. Wherever the government people are, we're gonna be watching them. 'Cause we are the future and they are the past."

—Stuart Cohn

(Tommy Boy Records, 210 East 90 St., NYC, NY 10028)

Marvin Gaye: just what the doctor ordered.

Afrika Bambaataa wards off evil spirits.

Photo © 1983 by Laura Levine

STYLISHLY WILD

They call it the "hip-hop" culture—the South Bronx triple threat of graffiti art, rap/DJing, and break dancing—and it's made an indelible imprint upon New York's pop life and modern art scene. Last summer, America took the rap and

got "The Message." Now thanks to British and German TV, the New York State Council on the Arts, and filmmaker **Charlie Ahearn**, there's ***Wild Style***, a cinematic showcase for the exuberant teenage street arts that comprise the upbeat flipside of ghetto life.

Ahearn's fascination with street culture surfaced in

"For a year and a half I was the only white person that they or I ever saw . . ."

1976, when he put down his paint brush and began work on *The Deadly Art of Survival*, a martial arts super-8 which "enjoyed a reputation for being a tough street film." *Survival* attracted the interest of graffiti-writer Fred Brathwaite, who exhibited in the groundbreaking Ahearn-curated Times Square art show in 1980, and introduced the filmmaker to the emerging scene.

"The first rap scene I got involved with was in June 1980, in this park up in the Bronx," Ahearn recalls. "Maybe five hundred teenagers were in this pitch black park, and we entered onto this tiny stage from the side. The first person I met was Chief Rocker Busy Bee, and I told him I was interested in doing a film, and he introduced me to this huge crowd of people. 'This is my producer, he's making a movie about me with rap music.' This was the first time I'd ever been to a rap thing—we didn't even know where the fuck we were. The word traveled fast: soon, I was getting people coming up to me and telling me about their act. For a year and a half hanging out in clubs I was the only white person that they or I ever saw, so it was pretty hard to slip by unnoticed."

Wild Style, which opened the Museum of Modern Art's New Directors/New Films series, begins with a colorful burst of animated graffiti (designed by "white boy graffiti artist" ZEPHYR, who portrays ZROC), and then leads us through train yards, rap clubs, playgrounds and urban streets. We follow the adventures of outlaw graffiti writer ZORO as he attempts to maintain his secret identity and artistic integrity in the face of sudden publicity from downtown hipsters and competition from a rival graffiti gang led by his ex-girlfriend. The acting ranges from self-conscious first-time dramatics to the glorious hammery of underground regulars like Patti Astor and Bill Rice, but the weaker narrative moments never detract from the astounding performance footage (e.g. lingering closeups of Grandmaster Flash's hands whizzing between two turntables). Ahearn's stars are at their best doing what comes naturally—boasting in distinctive street patois, rapping, dancing, painting, and just plain goofing.

The music—directed by Brathwaite (who offers a comic turn as "prince paramater" PHADE) with original tunes by the man who immortalized him as Fab Five Freddy in "Rapture," Blondie's Chris Stein—and the deft camera-work and editing captures the scene's color and energy with a graceful economy that helps to make sense out of a vibrant new sensibility.

"Wild style," Ahearn explains, is a descriptive term applied to "disjointed, muscular, animated" graffiti lettering and shares a common aesthetic with breakdancing and DJing. "There's a quality called 'bugged out.' Like they might look at a cover of *Heavy Metal* and say, 'that's bugged out man,' which means that it's done with a style that they may not understand, but it makes sense, and it's really cool."

Luckily, Ahearn manages to portray the sometimes bugged-out antics of the scene without resorting to a cinematic "wild style" that might easily overwhelm an uninitiated audience. As writer/director/producer he achieves an insightful look at a unique society, avoiding the pitfalls of trendy sensationalism and/or academic documentation. Instead, *Wild Style* succeeds by using a wholly appropriate biographical narrative. "The people we see in this film are the real people who created this culture. Lee (ZORO) has a reputation so extensive that when I'd mention his name to some eight-year-old in the Bronx, they'd stare up at me like I was talking about Picasso.

"I have practiced graffiti," he admits, "and I can say without a doubt that it's the most fun you can have in New York. It's childhood fantasies like hide and seek, and cops and robbers with a real element of danger." "But," he adds respectfully, "the real writers consider it a sacred act and think of their work as talismans, and when a piece rides through the city, that's them, that's their soul riding on that train."

– David Keeps

"A lot of people see graffiti as making the place more beautiful."

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

Although artist **Keith Haring** is a relatively recent arrival in New York (he grew up in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, a small town near Philadelphia), he has quickly come to epitomize the self-determined NYC artist—a stereotype which combines an aggressive personality with the single-minded objective of making it at all costs. So it was something of a surprise to find that this young man who has managed to dominate the NYC art scene with such apparent ease, was shy, almost timid, and childlike. Despite the phenomenon currently surrounding him, Haring has maintained a genuine and surprisingly unfainted, country-boy personality. Perhaps it's this aspect of his background that gives him the distance from the streets necessary to gain insight into what emerges from them.

After a short unhappy stay at a Pittsburgh art school, Haring moved to New York in 1978 and enrolled at the School of Visual Arts. His stay there was short as well, and soon his white-on-black chalk drawings began appearing on walls throughout the city (both over and underground). His progression from public walls to gallery walls was amazingly swift, to where Haring is now—at twenty-four—one of the most commercially successful new artists on the scene. His instant popularity is due perhaps to his simple, graphic approach and images that impact the viewer with the immediacy of good advertising art.

While drawing his primary inspiration from subway and building-wall graffiti, Haring's stylistic sources encompass all the visual matter of street-born pop culture: sf and fantasy movies, comics, newspapers, magazines, rock'n'roll, etc. He utilizes an almost generic form of cross-cultural hieroglyphics to ruminate on subjects both metaphysical and political—re-occurring images include radiating babies, dogs, TVs, exploding bombs, and atomic symbols.

Though Haring's canvas works now command four and five figure prices in prestigious galleries, his style remains essentially unchanged—except for the new works' monumental size (size is apparently proportional to significance in the contemporary art world). It's important to note that while Haring has been accepted by the art establishment both here and in Europe, he has continued doing his street and subway pieces, and maintained a strong link with his origins. While some have characterized him as nothing more than a shrewd art-market strategist with a good gimmick, Haring firmly insists that his primary motivation was to execute his drawings in places where they would become part of the real world, and at the same time be accessible to large numbers of people.

– Anny Lipton

HH: Your work is very "New York" would you say it's influenced by living here, or would you be doing the same thing somewhere else?

KH: Probably not. There are things I'm doing now that translate to any place I go, but I don't think it would have happened if I weren't here. I was recently in Rotterdam, and I did drawings there on the street with chalk, and it made me realize that I could really go anywhere in the world and do these drawings, and it would mean something to someone. It didn't depend on the language.

HH: Any type of viewer will do?

KH: Right, but even while I was there I wanted to get back and do it in New York—there's just something about doing it here. When I'm here I have to do it. Every time I ride the subway I understand why I do the drawings here.

HH: Would you say politics are involved?

KH: I would say hopefully—but it's a different idea of politics. It's not overtly political in the way that propaganda is—really spells out what it wants you to think. I think it operates more subtly. I mean, in some ways graffiti itself is political, because it's a subversive or disobedient act. But it's not the same as writing a slogan on a bank. It's a different kind of politics. I didn't want to use things so overtly political that it would become a barrier—lots of times things that are political turn people off, so they don't become a part of it, or get the message at all. It's like, "Oh that again. I don't want to hear about it." I think the way people operate or function in the world is just as "political" as anything else.

HH: So your motivation is different than the usual graffiti writer in that you're not just putting up something that says, "this is me," or naming that place with your mark?

KH: Yes, I think that—but people in graffiti aspire to different things. Some graffitiers just tag their name, claiming that thing, and it might not go beyond that. But a lot of them are interested in making things look better, putting it there so a lot of people will see it, having it become part of the place that you put it in, adding some kind of human element. A lot of people see it as making the place more beautiful. Doing whole sides of trains, making these incredible things with bright colors—if you see a train come out of a tunnel, it's an art experience, a moving experience, to see something beautiful being made.

HH: Do you align yourself with graffiti artists?

KH: I always tried to. I don't think I fit into the same category necessarily, but I respect graffiti to the extent that I was here for two years before I felt I had something to contribute in the street. There are lots of people doing it, though, that have no respect for what's already there. Most graffiti writers understand things about writing on the streets that many people overlook—there's really a code of ethics, an unwritten code that the artists know or feel. That's why, after I started, it was really rewarding to be accepted by other graffiti artists as someone whose motivation came from the same kind of place.

HH: How did you discover that?

Chalk up another one for Keith Haring.

Photo by Robert Eshman

KH: Well, I began meeting graffiti writers after people started connecting me with the work I was doing. Plus I like a lot of graffiti myself, so I've tried to meet some of the people doing it. There's one guy who writes LA2, which stands for Little Angel. I saw his tag on the street, and I noticed there was something different about it—partly because of where he put it, and partly because of how he could draw. So I asked around about who he was, and about a month later we met. We got along really well—we had a lot of things in common about the way we drew, what we drew, and why. And one night in my studio it just happened that I had an empty panel, and he started drawing on it. We've done several pieces together, sold them, and split the money.

HH: How did you start drawing in the subway?

KH: I started drawing in the subway because it was just another place to draw—the whole time I was also drawing on pieces of wood, paper, things like that. Drawing in the subway changes the way the work enters the real world. It's immediately on view, immediately becomes part of the real world. That was something I wanted—it comes from what I thought of as my responsibilities as an artist in the Eighties.

It all seemed really natural when it happened. About two years ago I started doing these drawings that had recognizable images—images that could be read by any person, no matter what kind of background. As an image, and not a word, it had innumerable possibilities—you don't have to know any other information other than what you see to understand it as an image, as a drawing. Soon after I started drawing these images I started drawing in the street, and one day I saw a subway panel (*Where advertising posters are placed*—ed.) that was empty, and it just kinda seemed so obvious. Like, it's empty and all you'd need is some chalk and you could just draw on it. So, after I did one there was no stopping it. It just took off.

HH: How do you feel about the transference from subway to gallery? Has it changed you in any way?

KH: Everything changes, but I think it depends. I approach doing a piece on the subway with the same amount of care and concentration that I give a piece that's going to be sold for $10,000. No matter where I draw it's just as important whether I'm doing it on the sidewalk and it's going to last ten minutes, or if it's a big piece that's going to hang in some rich person's house. I

Some urban wall dressing from *Wild Style*.

"I approach doing a piece in the subway with the same amount of care and concentration that I give a piece that's going to be sold for $10,000."

don't place any more importance on a thing just because someone is going to buy it.

In the beginning I didn't want to work on canvas, because it already has this value attached to it. And I thought the most important thing is doing the drawing—it didn't matter what was going to happen to the drawing after you did it, or how long it was going to last, or if it was going to be worth anything. In some ways this whole gallery system becoming part of it, eats that up—but I think it's still possible, if you have any kind of personal integrity at all, for it not to be a bad thing. It should be something you can use as much as it uses you, or use more than it uses you.

HAHA: How do you think it will affect you in the long run?

LEE: In the long run it'll probably kill me. But what else is there?

HAHA: If it starts to overwhelm you, or you lose control of it, you can change to doing something completely different.

LEE: I'm not scared of stopping it. If I thought I was starting to repeat things or becoming a commodity, I would just stop doing it—I'm not into making things for other people to make money from. But, if I refuse to make things to sell to people, then what am I going to do with them? Then I won't make things. In some ways it's good to make things that are going to be around awhile—whether money has to change hands for it to happen or not—in case—

HAHA: In case we're not?

LEE: Yes, whatever. But at the same time I want to keep drawing in the subway. I want to keep doing things to give away, and keep having the relationship I have with people in the street, because one of the strongest things for me right now is the kind of real place my art has in the world—just because of how many people know about it from seeing it, and have encouraged me from seeing me while I'm drawing. These are not people concerned with "art"—stuff confined to this little place that's for intellectuals to understand and write about and fight over and buy and sell—because that's not what it's about. I mean, with the world in the situation it's in now, some things become most important—things human beings can do, human accomplishments. If there's any beauty about being alive or being human, that's where those things lie.

THE BLUES AND THE NEWS

For those who have that incessant need to make what *New York Times* lead music critic **John Rockwell** calls "a non-verbal art" just a tiny bit verbose, here are two newish books on the roots and current state of American music: ***The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Black Music*** (Harmony) and Rockwell's own ***All American Music*** (Knopf).

"At best, a verbal gift provides a lively adjunct to musical talent," writes Rockwell, not in an attempt to justify his book centering on late twentieth century American composers. But a lively adjunct it turns out to be, particularly for those unfamiliar with the turns and twists "serious" American music has lately taken. We Yanks have typically looked to Europe and Asia for "high" culture, usually demeaning what musics are our own: jazz, blues, funk, rock, experimental, environmental, electronic, Broadway. The new composers—Cage, Ashley, Glass, Laurie Anderson, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Ornette Coleman, Sondheim, Talking Heads (among others)—have elevated their so-called secular forms to art, and brought so-called high art back to music, and to the people. Most of Rockwell's serious composers are also viable commercial entities, and the possibility of that is certainly a new development.

All American Music documents the hows and whys of this phenomenon without the judgemental eye exhibited in Rockwell's often caustic criticism. He presents the material in the manner of a cultural historian, and has purposefully gone for the vernacular and a somewhat jumbled subjective structure. Chapters supposedly about particular composers often veer off onto others (just about everybody's name, from film scorers to Sotto's art-rock crowd, gets dropped—excepting, inexplicably, Captain Beefheart), but this makes for a lighter, more conversational read than one might expect. Rockwell traces the roots of cultural trends—music being an area particularly packed full of 'em—and illustrates that American music is now elevated to major metaphor status, clearly a key to the American mind.

Everything you ever wanted to know (but were too embarrassed to ask your all-trivia-knowing friends) about soul, r&b, blues, disco, jazz, and funk is what's in *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Black Music*. This is the fourth in a series of Harmony musical encyclopedias, and while it may only be must-read for rock crits, DJs, and otherwise fanatics, it documents a huge slice of American pie not often taken seriously as "kultur." Unlike the encyclopedias you copied from in grade school, it's very readable, fun even (with beaucoup trade gossip, like why Tammi Terrell died so young), and has more than 250 color mini-record sleeves, and over 300 color in-concert photos of the famous, the gorgeous, and the now-obscure. Everybody from Chuck to Smokey to Diana to Marvin to Jimi to Prince to several assorted rappers are here. Point for point, this behemoth effort illustrates how influence built upon influence; how soul, disco, jazz, and r&b grew up to become very adult major American musical forms. Not to mention British ones.

—Merle Ginsberg

NAHALLYWOOD

Alan Arkush on the set of *Get Crazy* with the Nada band. (Lori Eastside, far right)

It's *A Night at the Opera* all a rock [illegible] **Alan Arkush** *Get Crazy*. "I'd call it bits of Animal House mixed in with twenty-four hours of a concert hall but with very [illegible]

One of the few movies around that lives up to its name, *Get Crazy* is set both onstage and behind the scenes at a New Year's Eve show celebrating a rock palace's 15th [illegible] with new wave and r&b bawdiness as an array of decidedly unique [illegible]

rectal. A graduate of the Roger Corman school of cut-rate filmmak[illegible]

[illegible] High School

[illegible]

[illegible]

Clockwork Orange. He read the script and said he'd do the film if he could sing all his own songs. Al[illegible]

Singin' in the Rain. I figured 'why [illegible] As it turns out, Malcolm worked

I was really trying to make a [illegible] that had all the energy of a rock'n'roll song. I didn't want some Hollywood laid-back film. Most rock movies don't have the energy of the music. When the music is on the [illegible]

some of the grungiest extras seen since *Beneath the Planet of the*

peppered with plans for *Get Crazy's*

Spielberg dropping in at the *Little Shop of Horrors* after an eternity in *The Twilight Zone*

In the works: Steven Spielberg

/ *The Little Shop of Horrors*

munching plant named Audrey

Ice Pirates

The Philadelphia Experiment will finally

movie. This period piece concer

The Last Star fighter for director **Nick Castle**

Tanya Roberts

Sheena, Queen of the Jungle

Chuck and Chevy on the Car

Wash Brothers

Perrie Shambelle

Delight

Pleasance

Warrior of the Lost World

3-D glasses comes ***Amityville 3-D***,

Jaws 3-D ***The Last Empire*** ***The Man Who Was Not There*** ***Retaliators***

Tales of the Third Dimension

Peter O'Toole **Faye Dunaway**

and **Brooke Vecsare** have joined

Supergirl

Jodie Foster

Tony Shalhoub

The Hotel New Hampshire

Sean

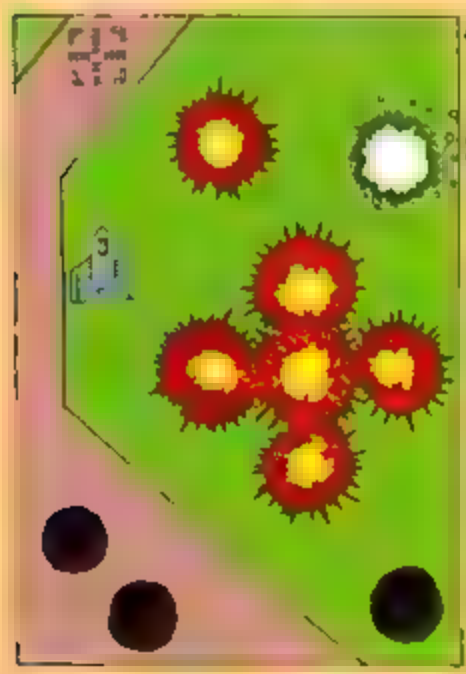
Bridget Wallace Shawn

Amanda Plummer

Daniel Stern

John Heard

Ed Naha



XEVIOUS

Dirty Dishes • For years, western anthropologists stood aghast at the [illegible]

[illegible]

Outgunned • [illegible] the first [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] strangers seem! Here's the story: the fact that Britain ships also possessed Exocets was apparently the key to their [illegible]

[illegible] designed to [illegible] the Argentine dumping grounds for western weapons.

Pretty Weird a Cruise Missile • [illegible]

[illegible] mighty zoological erudition [illegible]

[illegible] of cruise [illegible] fall." Then either [illegible] a short [illegible] the wrong way [illegible] just come straight down. Meaning New York might end up destroying Los Angeles instead. [illegible] the States we [illegible] into the [illegible] hands [illegible] security you know.

We Were Only Following Orders • [illegible]

[illegible] bombed back to the Stone Age [illegible] everyone can [illegible] the computer.

Doggie Style • [illegible]

[illegible]

The Small Earthworm

by Arno and Jodorowsky

VIVAAAAA

HOURRREEEEE
AH!
NO!

UAAAGR
11.

KHUROO
HHRR

I AM HERE YOUR CREATOR YOU ARE MY CHILDREN PARENTS WITH OUR OWN
LET'S SEE SHARON YOU HEAT AGAINST MY WILLS OF
HEY SHARON, I'VE JUST ONCE YOU'VE PLACED THE ELECTRODE CAP ON YOUR HEAD YOU WILL STEP IN A WHOLE DIFFERENT WORLD OF YOU

KHABOOO

A LITTLE LATER IN THE CAVE...
MURRA
ARE WE ENDANGERED BY HOMO?
NO, HOMO IS NOT A THREAT. HE IS ONLY A CHILD. HE HAS NO WEAPONS.
HE IS ALONE.
HE IS ALONE.
OH, HOMO HAS A NAME, DO YOU?
2!
NO!
ADIEU FOR YOU, MY SON, YOU WHO ARE BORN WITH NO ARMS OR EGG SUCH A SMALL EARTH-HOMO!

TO BE CONTINUED

El BORBAH in DEAD MEAT
AND FOR WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER SUICIDE REPORT FROM THE VICTIM WAS A CAUCAS AN WOMAN IN FOR AT THIRTY THERE IS NO OTHER INFORMATION AT THIS TIME
KING!KING!
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE WORDS FROM OUR SPONSORS
YEH THIS IS EL BORBAH WADDA YOU WANT
I'D LIKE FOR A BURGER A TWO HUNDRED JUICY BURGER COOKED TO PERFECTION
OK HOLD IT'S LET ME WRITE THIS DOWN
AND WHAT GOES WITH A BURGER? A THICK, CREAMY, BLORP!
ALRIGHT I'LL BE THERE IN ABOUT AN HOUR

HEY LADY! I'M HERE TO SEE YOUR BOSS
AHHH THERE YOU ARE PLEASE COME IN I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I EAT WHILE WE TALK I NEVER HAVE TIME FOR A DECENT LUNCH NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS I ASSUME YOU'RE AWARE OF THE RASH OF SUICIDES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN OUR CITY LATELY WELL THIS AFTERNOON THEY PULLED ANOTHER BODY OUT OF THE EAST RIVER THAT TURNED OUT TO BE MY WIFE MY EX-WIFE THAT IS
THE POLICE MY SUICIDE BUT I KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE I LIVED WITH HER FOR FOURTEEN YEARS THE REASON WE GOT DIVORCED WAS BECAUSE I COULDN'T STAND HER OPTIMISM HMMM THIS BURGER IS PRETTY GOOD
SO WHY YOU CALL ME ?
I KNOW THERE'S MORE TO HIS THAN MEETS THE EYE I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE ANY POSSIBLE ANSWERS TO HER UH SUICIDE
OH BEFORE WE GET STARTED HERE'S THE OFFICE ADDRESS AND A SET OF WHEELS
OH UH MY SECRETARY WILL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS

SO THIS MR SHRUGGORE WANTS ME TO CHECK OUT HIS EX-WIFE WHO JUST CROAKED HERSELF. WHAT DO I CARE? AS LONG AS HE COMES ACROSS WITH THE FOLDING GREEN STUFF
HERE'S HER HOUSE BOY THIS DAME MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED TO AFFORD A SPREAD LIKE THIS
HEY DON'T GET ANY IDEAS OR I'LL DROP KICK YOUR FACE INTO NEXT WEEK!
EYOW. IT'S PRETTY ripe IN HERE. SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING CREPT IN CRAPPED AND CRAWLED AWAY
HMMM. SHE WASN'T VERY GOOD AT PICKING UP AFTER HERSELF
HURRY UP THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS
?

LATER
Boyfinc
HI TOOTS I WANNA SEE MR KARCASS
I'M SORRY SIR BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HIM WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT
YOU SECRETARIES GIVE ME A ROYAL PAIN 'N THE ASS I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF!
OK KARCASS? I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT A LETTER I FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES I JUST SO HAPPENS SHE'S DEAD AND I WANT YOU TO FILL ME IN ON SOME DETAILS
WELL UH MRS SHRUGGS WAS ONE OF OUR EMPLOYEES BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING ELSE
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT
HEY! COME HERE "JOCKO" I WON'T HURT YOU
HUH HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS DOOR
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH NOW STEP AWAY FROM THAT DOOR

GIMME THAT GUN, YOU LOUSY LITTLE WIMP
POW!
HMMM... LUCKY YOU DIDN'T HIT ANY VITAL ORGANS. NOW I WON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU
BUT I'M STILL GOING TO HAVE TO BEAT THE HOLY HELL OUT OF YOU
LAL... THIS IS FROG PUNCH
HOW ABOUT A DUTCH RUB?
NOW... UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO CONTINUE WITH MY INDIAN BURN, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO
OK... ANYTHING BUT THE INDIAN BURN

PLEASE MR ER EL BORBAN I YOU'LL JUST LOOSEN YOUR GRIP I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING NOW AT ONE TIME MRS SHRUGOFF WORKED IN OUR PRODUCT RESEARCH DEPARTMENT
SHE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN DEVELOPING THE FAST FOOD SYSTEM THAT IS MAKING US A LEADER IN THE FIELD
HERE LET ME SHOW YOU THIS BLUEPRINT OF ONE OF OUR NEW RESTAURANTS
AS YOU CAN SEE THE INTERIOR IS BROKEN UP INTO A SERIES OF SMALL MODULES.
OVER HERE WE HAVE AN ACTUAL WORKING MODEL OF ONE OF OUR FOOD CUBICLES
THE FOOD CUBICLES OFFER THE PUBLIC EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT PRIVACY INSTANT SERVICE AND FOOD THAT'S EASY TO EAT
THIS UNIT IS ACTIVATED WHEN OUR CREDIT CARD IS INSERTED HERE THEN YOU PRESS THE PICTURE OF THE FOOD YOU WANT
AND VOILÀ! A DELUXE DOUBLE BOVINE BURGER
SO WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GEEKS WITH WIRES GROWING OUT OF THEIR HEADS
OH THEY'RE BEING MONITORED FOR RESPONSES TO WHAT WE CALL OUR SECRET RECIPE
IN ORDER TO INSURE THAT OUR CUSTOMERS ARE SATISFIED AND WILL WANT TO COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN, WE ENHANCE OUR PRODUCTS WITH UM UH CERTAIN CHEMICAL ADDITIVES

OH SHIT! WHERE DOES MRS SHRUGGER FIT INTO ALL OF THIS?
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME. I WAS
AS I MENTIONED BEFORE MS SHRUGGER WORKED IN OUR PRODUCT RESEARCH DEPARTMENT. WE NOTICED HER WORK HAS BEEN SLOPPY AND UPON INVESTIGATION WE FOUND SHE HAS MADE THE MISTAKE OF SAMPLING SOME OF OUR PRODUCTS
NATURALLY WE HAD TO FIRE HER. EVENTUALLY HER NEXT OF KIN AT BOVINE BURGER OUTLETS HAD TO BE ELIMINATED. I THINK HE'S MAIN SHE GOT A LITTLE UPSET
LESS ENOUGH TO WASH UP ON THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE CREEPING JESUS
ALRIGHT MAE ASS BEFORE I DIE I WANT TO TRY A LITTLE BIGGER MEAT MMMM. LET'S START WITH THIS DOUBLE DEE AT BOVINE BURGER
MMMM
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT. I BUST MY ASS CHASE HG DOWN THIS ICED DAM. EVEN WIND UP CATCHING A SLUG FROM SOME JEFFERS AND WHAT DO I END UP WITH?
BETTER TALK GREENBACKS BEFORE SPILL THE BEANS TO MR SHRUGGER

HEY DOLL PUSS I GOTTA SEE YOUR BOSS AGAIN HERE'S THE CAR KEYS
SO IT TURNS OUT NO ONE PUSHED YOUR EX-WIFE OFF THE BRIDGE BUT IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO TOSS THESE MAN BURGER PEDDLERS IN THE SLAMMER
EXCUSE ME E.L. BORBAK YOU'VE DONE A SPLENDID JOB AND I ASSURE YOU YOU'LL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF BUT IT SEEMS WE HAVE A CONFLICT OF INTERESTS
IT JUST SO HAPPENS I'VE RECENTLY INVESTED A MAJOR PORTION OF MY HOLDINGS INTO BOVINE INCORPORATED
THEY'RE ONE OF THE FASTEST GROWING CORPORATIONS IN AMERICA AND BESIDES I LOVE THEIR BURGERS
SAY ARE YOU HUNGRY? I CAN POP A BURGER INTO THE MICROWAVE FOR YOU
I'M LEAVING BEFORE I POP YOUR HEAD INTO THE MICROWAVE
JESUS H CHRIST MY STOMACH IS GROWLING TO BEAT HELL WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW IS A BIG BOWL OF CHILI AND A HALF RACK OF BEER
DRANO OPENING
ENG

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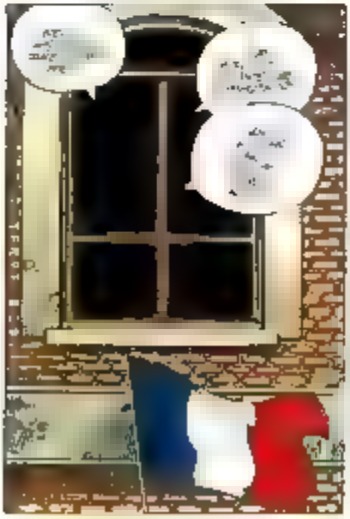
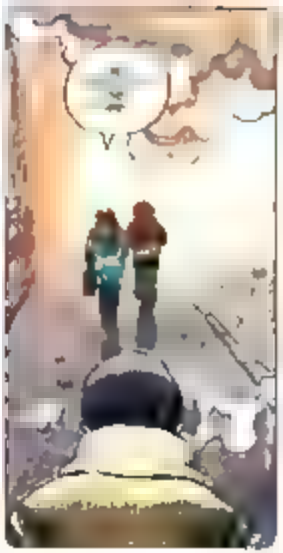
The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

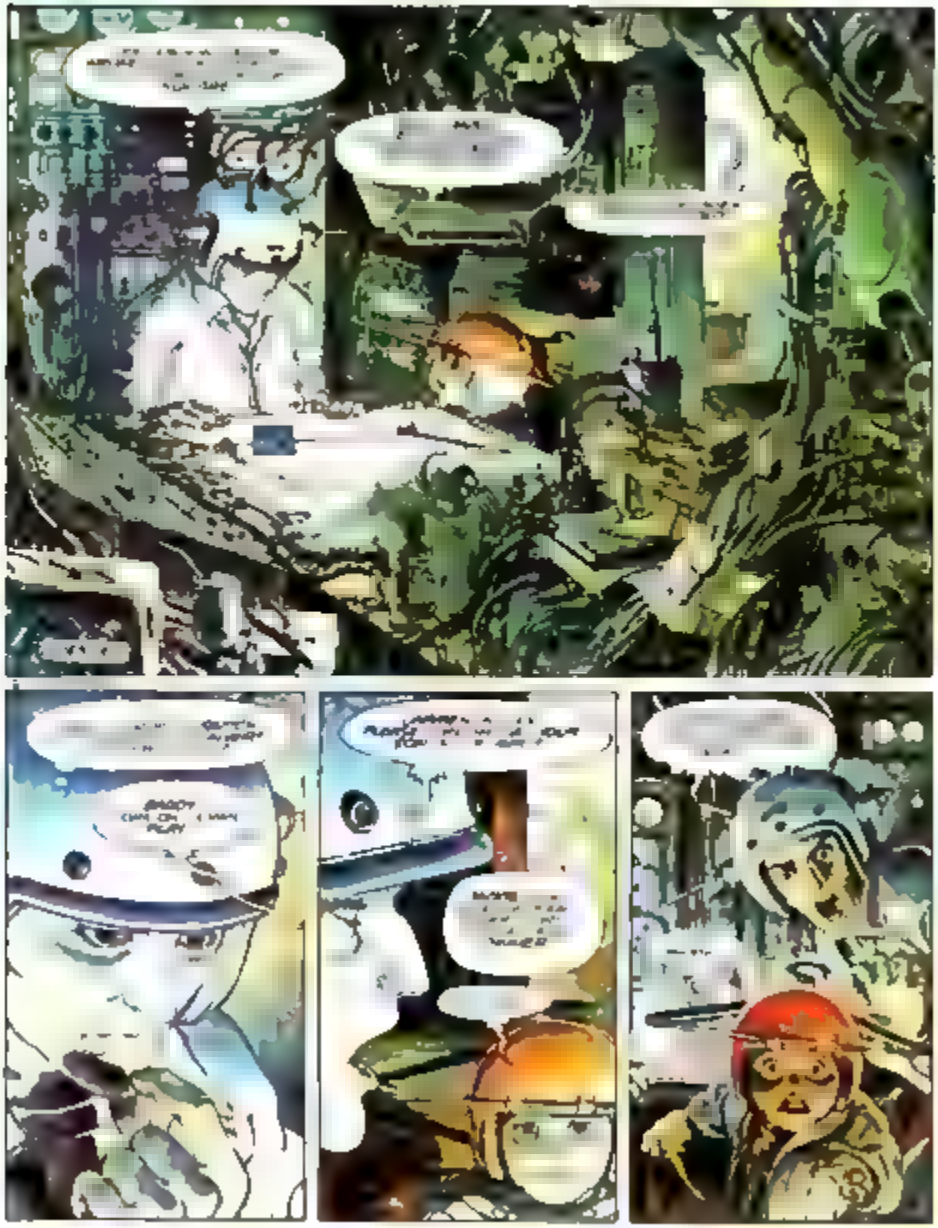




I'M AGE
IMPORTANT THINGS ARE AFOOT
EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DONE, THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, LEADS TO THE PRESENT
THAT MAKES ME FEEL IMPORTANT. YOU SEE, YOUR WHOLE LIFE HAS LED UP TO THIS RIGHT NOW
LISTENING TO ME.

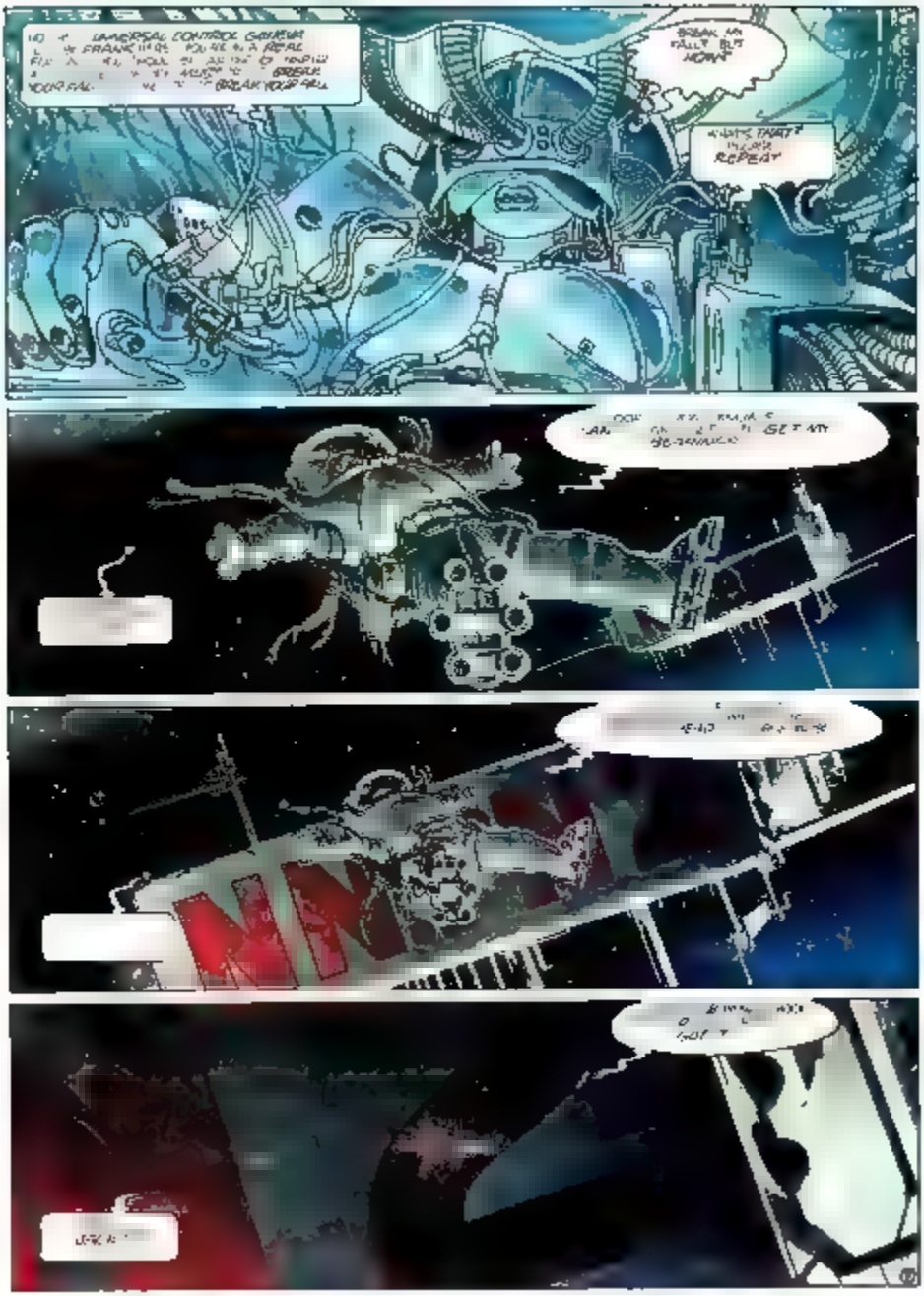
A Matter of Time

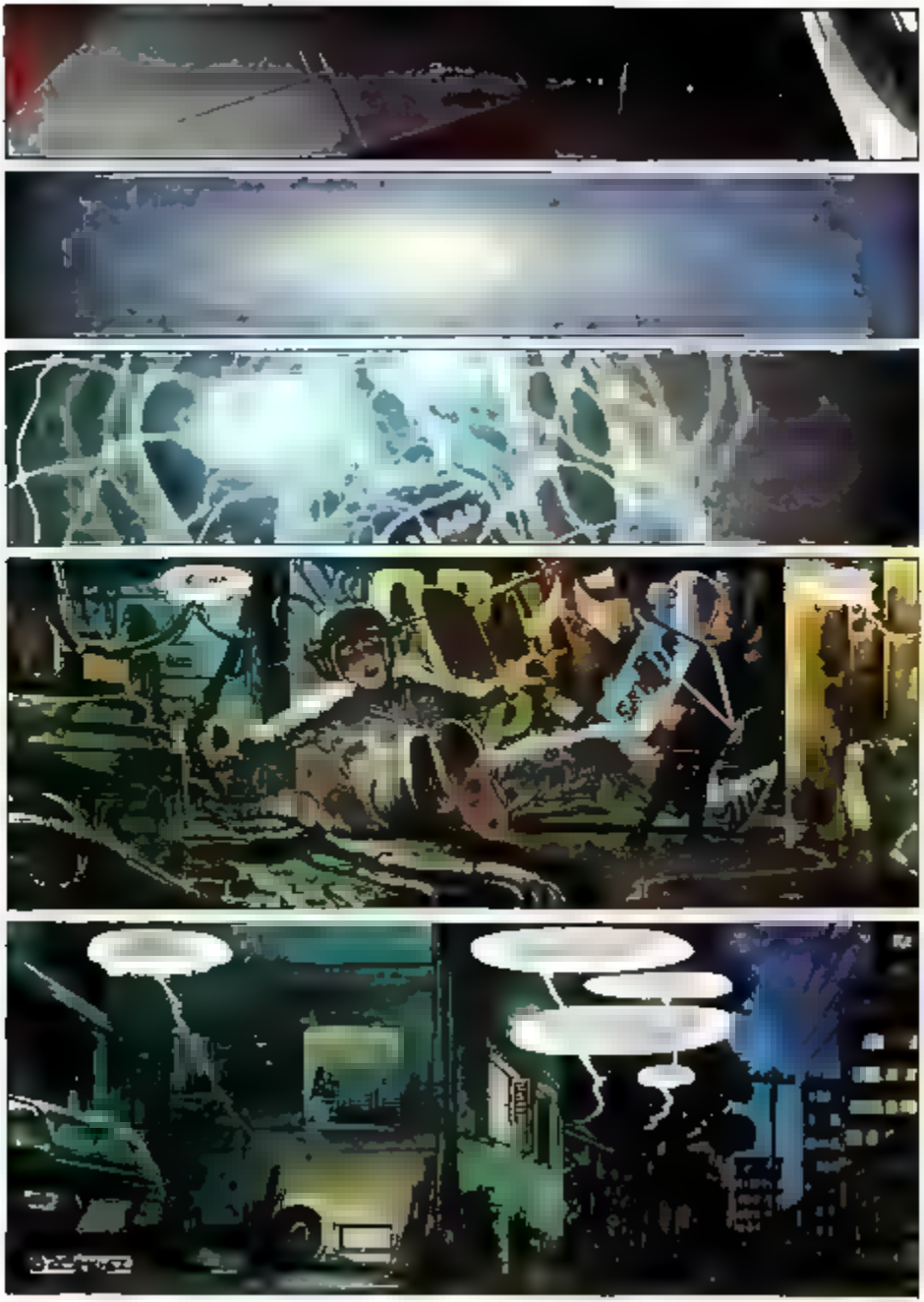
© Juan Giménez



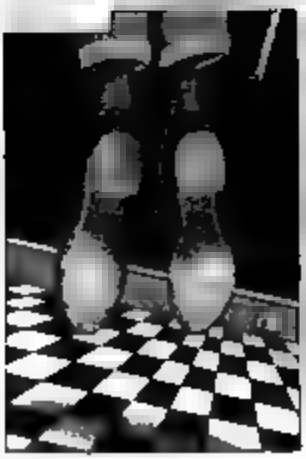
HEY! ALL HANDS ON DECK! INCOMING!
HELP!
OH MY GOD... HE... HE'S ALIVE! HE SAVED ME! HE'S COMING STRAIGHT THIS WAY! WAIT! I'LL...
19

CRA


BREAK HIS FALL? BUT HOW?
REPEAT
GET MY
NNN



ALL THIS AND FRANK SINATRA, JR., TOO



AN OLD FART AT PLAY:

CONVERSATIONS WITH CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

There's no doubt in my mind that Don Van Vliet (better known by his *nom de disc* Captain Beefheart) is one of the most extraordinary humans on the face of the Earth. A few years ago, in a youthfully obscure treatise, I called him an otherworldly superman, for you non-Nietzscheans), something he's never let me live down. But the man ain't so much a superman, as — well, a separate genus and species of humanity all his own.

That's after daughter, of course. The man's body has the same freaks and groans, and produces the same stinky waste products as the rest of us stuck here on God's golf ball. But it's trying to figure out the workings of his mind: the wildest bouncing day-glo colored ball of weirdness you've ever chased — that gets you into trouble groping for metaphors beyond the linguistic fringe. Like all great creative anomalies, he's hewn his own universe from the meat of our cast-offs, and deposited himself at its center: a passionate, curious, intensely sensitive, cranky and hilariously funny child who refuses to grow up, and probably couldn't even if he wanted to. He's an artist because his mind won't allow his body to act: still his chosen mediums are oil on canvas, marker on sketch pad, words on paper and vibrating air molecules on ear drum. His music is an exhilarating, euphonious cacophony composed either on piano or whistled/hummed/scat sung into a tape recorder to be meticulously transposed according to his exacting specifications by his band (including at the moment: Gary Lucas, guitar and management; Jeff Tepper, guitar; Richard Snyder, bass; Eric Feldman, keyboards; Cliff Martinez, drums).

The sounds made by the Magic Band ring in your head like no other music you've ever heard. Audacious, unheard-of harmonies dart and shimmer in the light, and leave strange, exotic tastes in your mouth. Swamp-motor rhythms both support and subvert the foundations of listener expectations: every time you reach out to lean on one, it's suddenly no longer there. It is an astounding, cataclysmically alternate, vastly entertaining, and fucking humbling body of work: one that I'm convinced will one day be regarded as a high point of our age.

Van Vliet was born in Glendale, California in 1941. His first album, a night's worth of steamy psychedelic blues, was recorded in 1965, but not released until 1970 as *Mirror Man*. Since then: vinyl highlights of a career that's taken more ups and downs than Richard Nixon's include *Strictly Personal* (1968; one of the essential documents of the psychedelic age), *Trout Mask Replica* (1969; a monument of deviant creativity), *Lick My Decals Off, Baby* (1970; a sort of twisted, Beefheartian pop album), *The Spotlight Kid* (1972; a sort of twisted, Beefheartian blues album), *Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)* (1978; Don in a mellow mood), *Doc At the Radar Station* (1980; my choice for the one album I want to be buried with), and *Ice Cream for Crow* (last year's reaffirmation of Van Vliet's vitality).

These days, Don lives in a trailer in the middle of the Mohave desert with his wife Jan. He is busily preparing for a major New York gallery show of his paintings, planned for sometime in the fall. In his spare time he has written about eighty songs for the next Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band LP, scheduled for recording in the late fall, probably for a Christmas release. He recently turned down an offer to produce Laurie Anderson's next album in order to concentrate on his painting. That olympian clashing of sensibilities could've produced something interesting, to say the least. This interview was conducted during one of Don's infrequent visits to New York, when by all accounts he is at his worst: terminally wired, sleepless, paranoid, overloaded with sensory input, and painfully sensitized to everything around him. It was one of the most difficult interviews I've ever done, and one of the best times I've ever had. You had to be there.

—Lou Stathis

A Useful Member of Society

HM: You once said that not going to school enabled you to remain a child.

DVV: Yeah, I still feel like a child — every day, everything is exciting and brand new to me.

HM: You think school removes the child from all of us?

DVV: Yeah, I think so. Why do they do that.

HM: To make you a more useful member of society.

DVV: Well, I'm certainly not useful. I'm quite natural, and that's why they don't want to use me — don't want them to.

HM: It would be economically disastrous to have 200 million people like you in this country — lots of fun, though. How extraordinary do you think you are?

DVV: I don't — not at all.

HM: Do you think you're different from most people?

DVV: No, I don't think so. Well... I do what I want, and most people don't. So in that way I guess I'm definitely different, cause I do do what I want.

HM: And that's all that sets you apart? You don't think you're gifted in any special way?

DVV: I'm smart as hell — I know that — and I don't have that many roadmaps on my head. People have roadmaps — I didn't want 'em. I didn't take 'em.

HM: And that was a conscious effort?

DVV: I fought it, totally. I may get hardened of the arteries, but never hardening of the ever. I'm stubborn, real stubborn.

HM: How long can you hold out?

DVV: All along. Why not?

HM: And why haven't others done what they wanted to do?

DVV: They're lazy. I work all the time. I haven't taken a vacation in my life. I'm working — writing, painting, and doing music all the time, day and night. I've seen the sun and the moon almost every day of my life — make it a habit to see both of them. I want to see all of it if I can.

HM: What do you think your art does for people?

DVV: I think it makes them breathe. I mean, I'm not so sure they should pay too close attention — I wouldn't want them to get [redacted].

HM: Why not? It'd probably do them some good.

DVV: Probably. It's never hurt me.

He [the old cabbie] Anton [although that] was to [illegible] like ca B na Tai Pita. We were sitting in the car and told [illegible] take you to the right place—the right [illegible]. We drove out into the desert and we had fifteen minutes of just the right light [illegible] said, 'I'm a piece of meat Anton. You just put me where you want me.' He just kept saying, 'don't need to do this, this is fine.' And he told me to take my hat off for a moment so I took my hat off and he said, 'That's fine.' It was all done in fifteen minutes. I knew then that these would be the best [pictures] I'd ever seen.

HM: How does it feel to be one of the last remaining members of the avant-garde?

DVV: I don't think there ever was an avant-garde.

HM: Yeah, I think so— there's always been a group of people doing something totally different, working outside existing parameters and ignoring everyone else.

DVV: What group.

HM: You know, various art movements in the past. Dada, that kind of shit.

DVV: [illegible]. Oh yeah, wasn't that nice. All those parties.

HM: Well, all that seems to have disappointed you. So you think there's an end to the avant-garde?

DVV: There better be. I wish for those of us doing exactly what we want, because that's what I'm going to do anyway. It's like in the record industry—they're totally desperate. The only way they're going to get out of their hole is to start paying attention to individuals.

HM: Drowning people rarely reach for what will save them—they'll grab anything they can.

DVV: Well, they won't get a hold of me. They'll get sucked in with me.

HM: That's optimistic, I think. They don't really hear anything unless it comes through their bank accounts.

DVV: Then I'll influence them through their dollar bills, makes dumb hard greenbacks. I'll tell you what, I ain't going nowhere. I mean, I'm going to stay here and do what I damn well please. I'll never sell it, what I dance please. There's no way I'll ever do anything I don't want to do.

HM: Do you feel at all like a dinosaur? A last member of a dying breed?

DVV: [illegible] like everyone else. Fresh asleep. All asleep. And they'd better wake up.

HM: What's this shit about wolf never wanting to hear again. Is that true?

DVV: [grimaces painfully]

HM: Have you had it?

DVV: I've always had it. It was only a few weeks played it, anyway. I mean all the time that I was playing, there were only a few people— small pockets of people really listening.

HM: It is worth doing for the number of people you can reach.

DVV: I can't afford it. And it takes up too much time. I'd much rather stay home and work. I've got too much to do.

HM: But the thought of never seeing you and the band live again is painful to me.

DVV: Me too in a way. But I'm getting so selfish. I will see the band. We'll still make records. I've got more compositions to record now than I've ever had before. And the band—there's no end to the things we can do with them. They want to do everything.

HM: Come, tell me the truth— will you ever play another concert again? I'd certainly love to see you.

DVV: You would? Then we'll put on a concert for you.

HM: Talk about small pockets of people. If you're playing in a hall that seats two thousand, or so, what percentage of them do you think are aware. Five percent? Ten percent?

DVV: [laughs] I don't know. I never think of it that way. I hate lower mathematics.

Painting in the Dark

DVV: ...ranging from the light ... pleasing to ... what you paint this ever ...

HM: Don't you get out in the daytime

DVV: Oh, I do that too. But I'm in the dark a really unusual. There's painting all over ... walls getting a coat when I do that.

HM: Don't you need light when you paint

DVV: No, I know what I want in the canvas anyway.

HM: So it's more head-to-hand combat to head-to-hand

DVV: Sure, but the eye does have some ... there in the world. I'm trying to get my hand ... to hand in shape through, like Van Gogh. It's ... eliminate itself. It is what gauges tell me I won't. If ... and I'm not going to tell me I will ... can do it with illness ... can do it with sight.

HM: How many paintings are drawings do you have stashed away that no one's seen?

DVV: Thousands. That shade on the ... room ... is now over painting used for all hues ... was painted on window shade ... was done during Texas flash. My wife brought it out. I had done it during a rehearsal. She had it in her purse, she was saving the ... thing. Pulled it out one day and said, 'Maybe you can use this.'

HM: How are you preparing for your gallery show?

DVV: I'm painting like crazy— really painting. I envision you me in front of an empty white square and ... go nuts. And I'm doing these really big paintings— ten feet by ten feet, seven feet square.

HM: Are you working in the trailer?

DVV: No, I'm working out front.

HM: A night?

DVV: Yeah ... put up lights, but sometimes ... walk away and paint in the dark. Sometimes, it's just a fleeting, and you really don't need to see what you're doing— what am ... saying? Of course you do. But I like to ... feel the ... paint, and the canvas with its big teeth. I feel like I'm being attacked by a big cloth were ... well. I mean, the feel of the softness and thickness of the paint with the brush ... it's almost like fur.

Not Hot Enough

DVV: I'm moving to Arizona.

HM: Why the hell are you doing that?

DVV: It's hotter ... it's not hot enough in Lancaster.

HM: You like the heat?

DVV: Yeah, as long as ... have a swamp cooler—

HM: A fan and a pan of water?

DVV: ... yeah. (Laughs.) Then ... can see the heat. I love that. I want it as hot as it can get, like the extremes, and the extremes in Arizona are fantastic. Winter is really cold— there's snow ... and the heat is real hot. Extremes are kind of pleasant to me.

HM: That would drive me crazy. It bothers me about 80 F.

DVV: Yeah, but you enjoy it. That's why you're here— you enjoy going crazy.

HM: ... enjoy the result, but not the process. Doesn't it make you at all physically uncomfortable?

DVV: Nah. I had asthma as an infant so I need plenty of space to breathe.

HM: How the hell can you breathe at all when it's so damn hot?

DVV: Well you have to really ... it.

HM: And that's good?

DVV: I think so. That way you can't relax. I'd hate that. Then you'd get assaulted [boobs] burlesque total muscle relaxation! Yecch. I hate that, y'know. "Hey man, I'm laid back like the mouse fly spray mists. Yeah, wouldn't mind leaving it. A la carte."

HM: What sort of entertainment will you set up for yourself in Arizona?

DVV: I'll like it to be near Tempe but way out in the desert. I'll have a house and a studio to paint in.

HM: Have you found a place that you want?

DVV: No, I'm going to build it.

HM: With your own little hands?

DVV: Yeah. (Laughs hysterically.) My own little hands.

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THE ILLUSTRATED CLAN

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RANXEROX

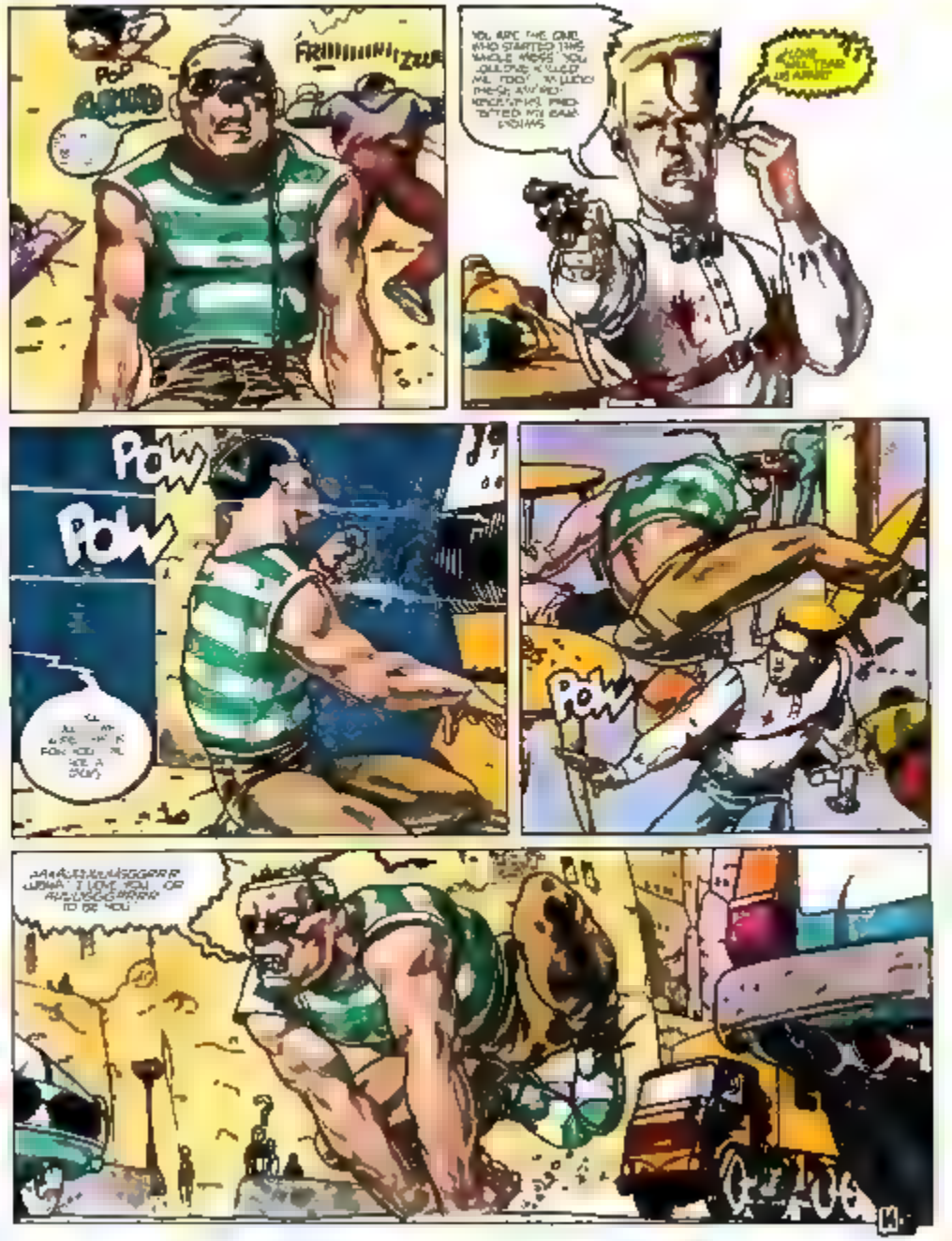
LAST MONTH LUBNA WAS KIDNAPPED AND RANXEROX WAS LEFT AT THE FOOT OF THE COLISEUM HIS MECHANICAL BRAIN DISCONNECTED

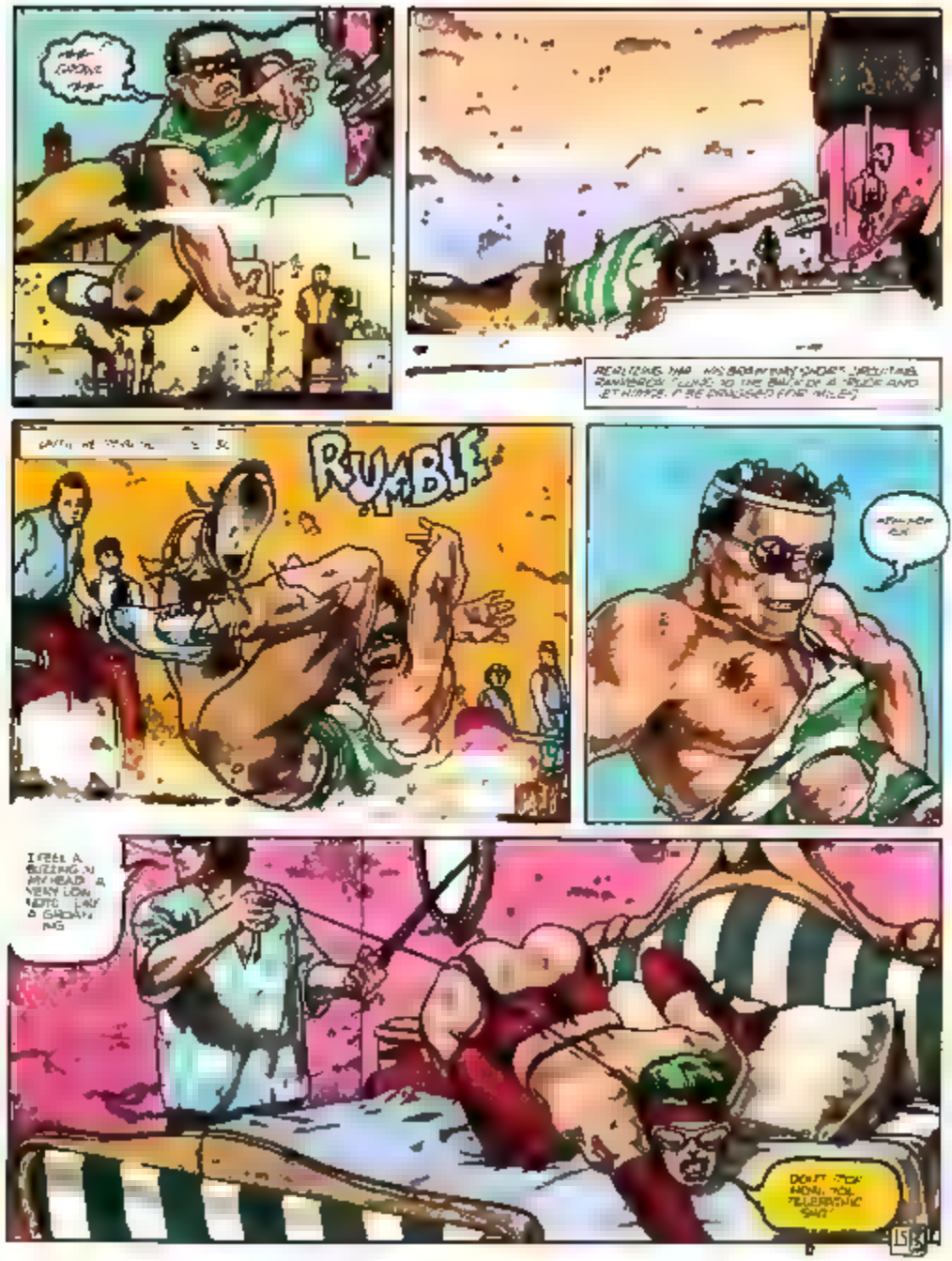
I'M ALREADY HERE. YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT.
THUMB
PERFECT TIMING AS ALWAYS. NOW GO BACK YOU MUST DO EVERYTHING THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DO. I'LL BE WATCHING YOU.
OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A WOMAN?
CHEAT

KRÖK
AH!

I SEE HIM HE SAVE
WE COME TO ALL HERE AM YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC PLAYER IN TRINIDAD NOW WE ARE READY TO DANCE TO THE LATEST HIT FROM SUPER BLUE BAND

GRIIIIIIKKK


POP
FRIIIIIIIIIZZUR
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO STARTED THIS WHOLE MESS! YOU KILLED MY BROTHER! YOU KILLED MR. TODD! IN LUCK! THESE ANIMAL RESCUERS FIRED TATTED MY EAR FROM HIS
HOW WILL TEAR US APART
POW
POW
POW
AAAAUUUUGGGRR WHAT I LOVE YOU OR AUUUGGRRR TO BE YOU


RUMBLE
I FEEL A BUZZING IN MY HEAD. A VERY LOW NOTE. LIKE A GROAN ING
DON'T TOX MONI. YOL TELEPATHIC SHIT

RAAAAGH!
RING!

Chain Mail

can understand." Well, I'm finding such letters a bit alarming. The stories people should

demagogy." I suggest y'all read Opera." April 1983

comics are crap, let's do something about them."

Let's be honest, the American comic book

their own inbuilt strengths and limitations. Other countries' comics, to our adult eyes, may seem better, but I've seen the material you've printed and still you haven't, and frankly the French have produced a lot of

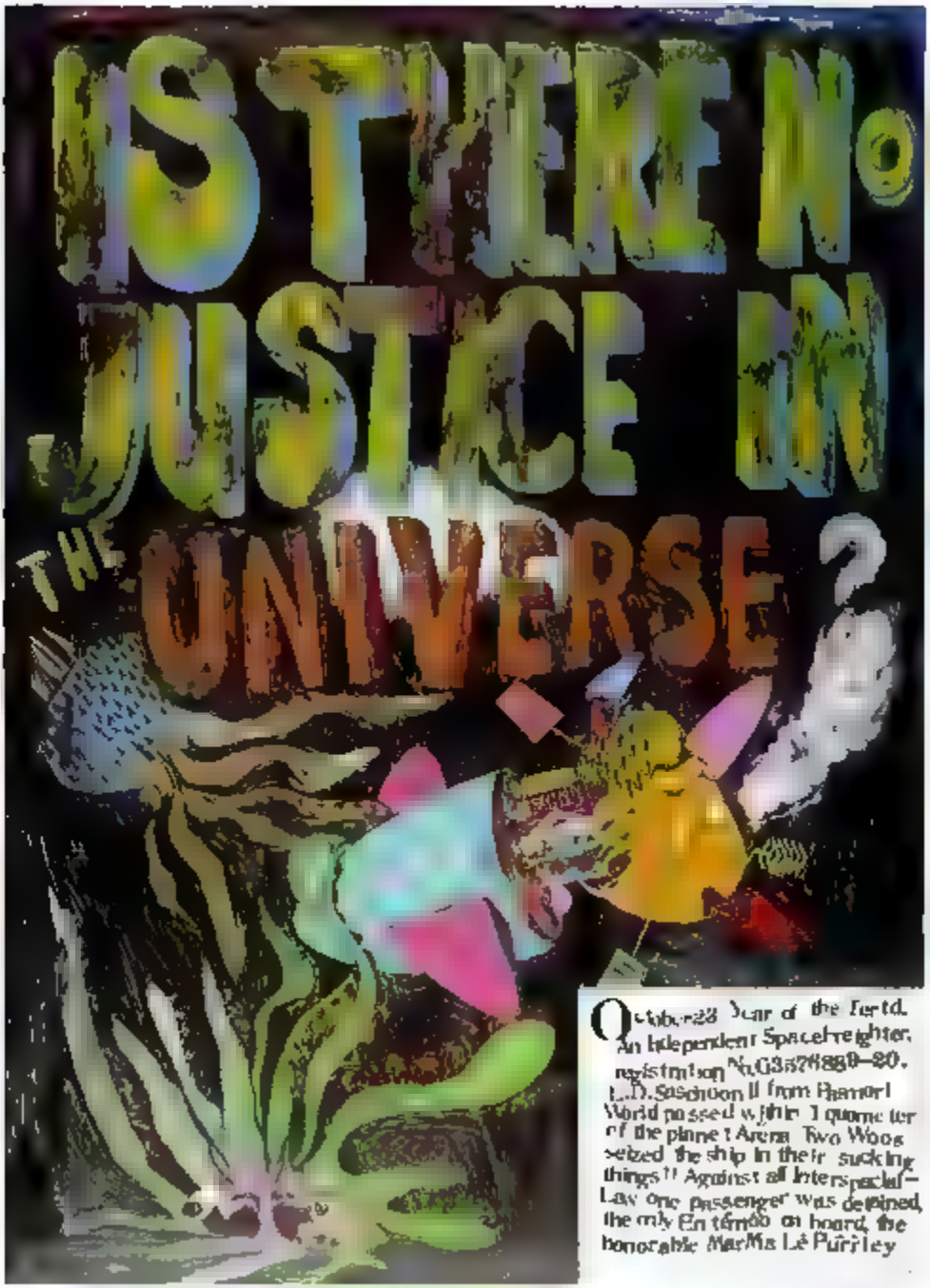
that some of the people complaining about the problems in comics are in part responsible for those problems—they help/helped keep the stereotypes going. And if they look

steeped in *Shame and Drama*. And finally, about the crap in comics, I simply respond

Levittown, PA

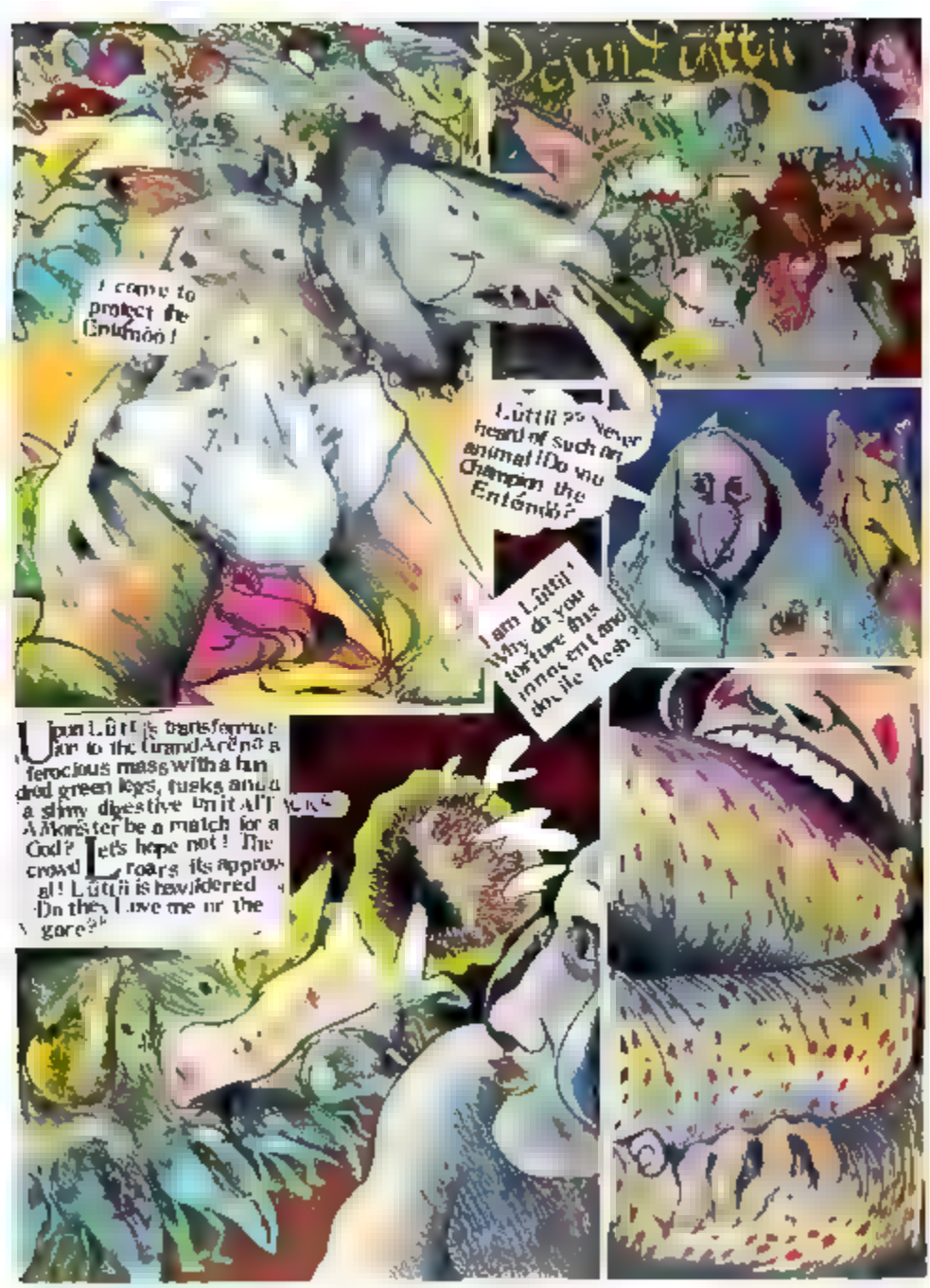
That is the leading edge of response to our March 1983 "What's Wrong with Comics" symposium, and more next month.—ed.

IS THERE NO JUSTICE IN THE UNIVERSE?



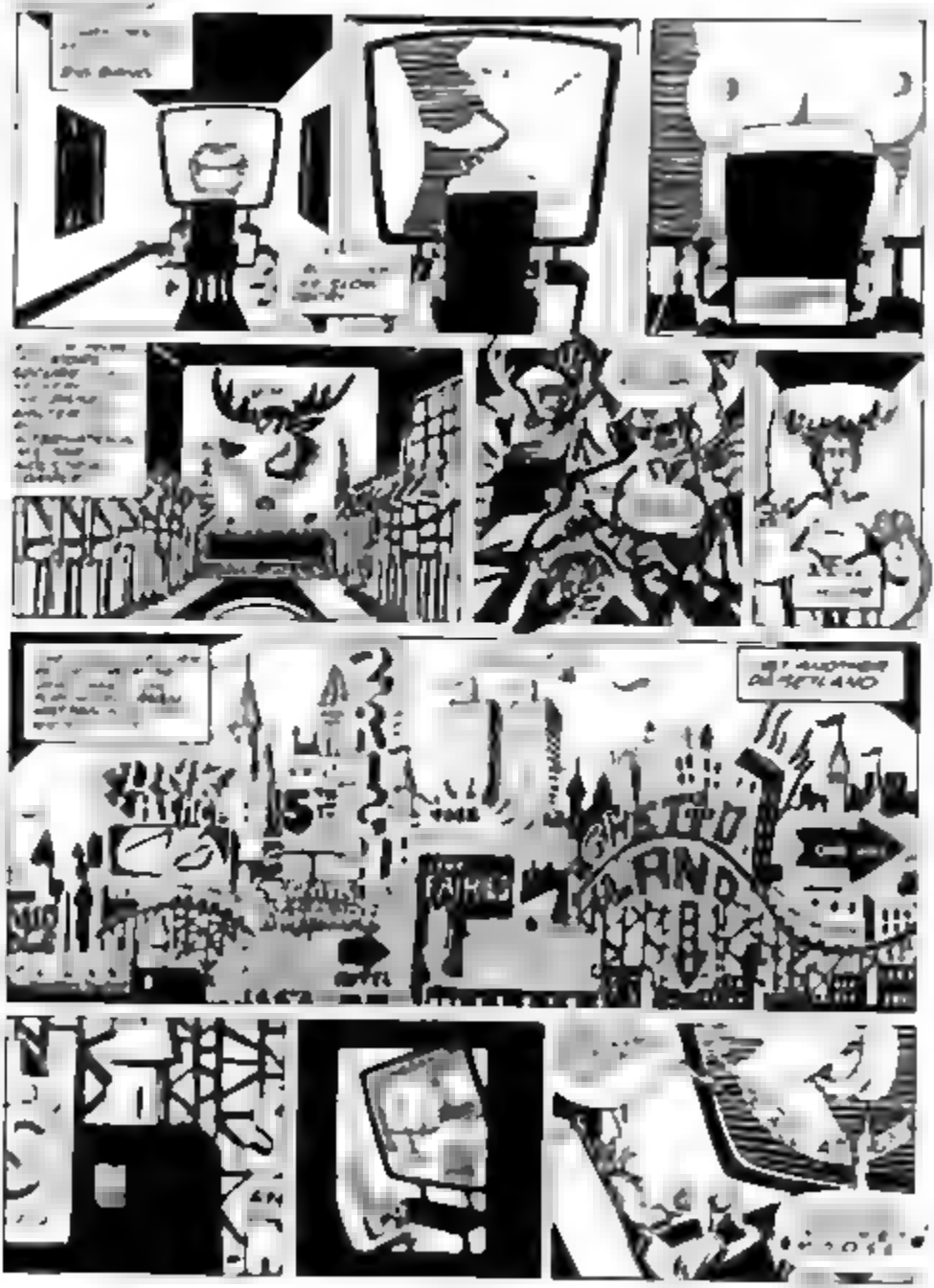
October 23 Year of the Turtle. An Independent Spacefreighter, registration No.G3527888-20, the S.S. Schroon II from Planet World passed within 1 quarter of the planet Arena. Two Woog seized the ship in their sucking things!! Against all Interspacial Law one passenger was detained, the only Entombo on board, the honorable Mar'Ma Le Purrley

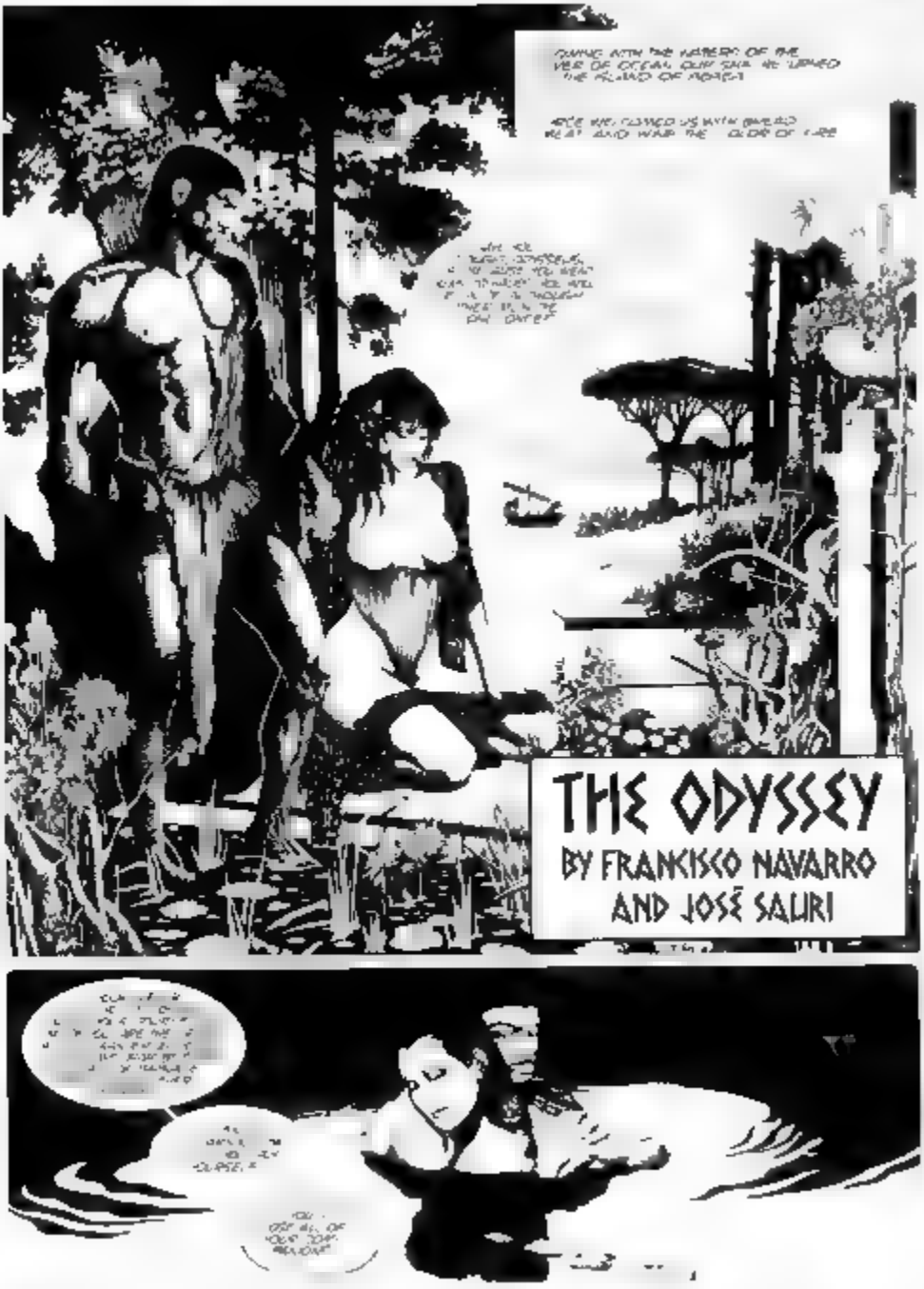
The Intemón, upon its unlawful imprisonment immediately began sending out Organic Soft-thoughts... for help of course. Most of the stable of Gods capable of picking up SOS's were busy. That is, all but one... Lütii, Guardian of Individual Space, Eastern Sector. Introduction to Universe.
Why Me?
HELP
Hey, Help! Help!
BOO!
With another chance to help the unfortunate...
HEARING THE PLEAS, LÜTII TRANSFORMS..

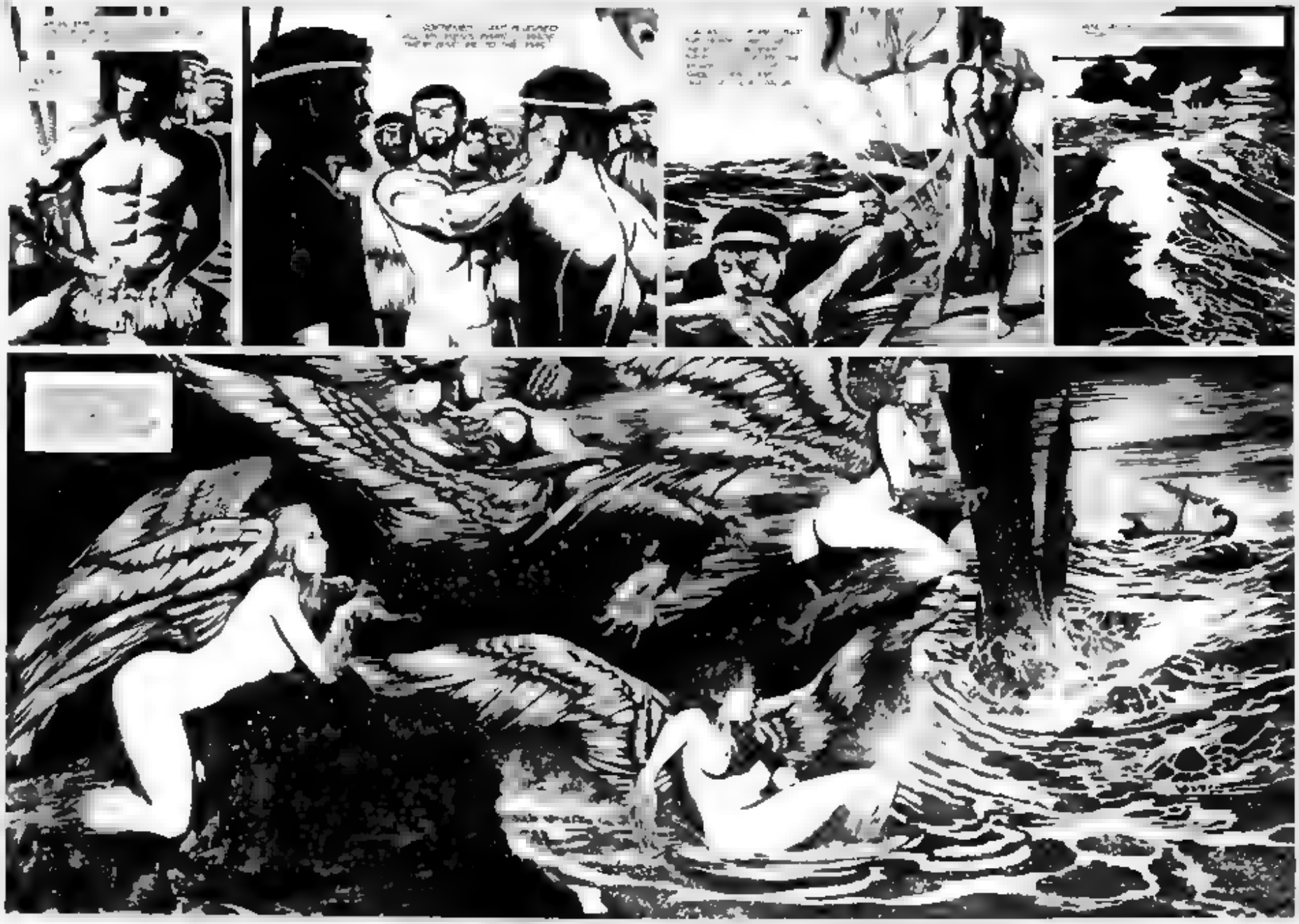

I come to protect the Entrénôo!
Lûttii ?? Never heard of such an animal! Do you Champion the Entrénôo?
I am Lûttii! Why do you torture this innocent and docile flesh?
Upon Lûttii's transformation to the Grand Arêna a ferocious mass with a hundred green legs, tusks and a slimy digestive unit ALL YOURS
A Monster be a match for a God? Let's hope not! The crowd roars its approval! Lûttii is bewildered Do they love me or the gore?

This is a cruel and evil World. Pain and suffering are games. Life and Death a Sport to pay admission to!
Oh, Great Earth don't be so hasty..., if we'd known a God cared... please just meet some of the good...

When can we expect you to sign with us?
I'll get back to you
So no Im the one who got served up,
Determined to fight, this means he would Lutin agrees to give an interview to the Media. He accepts a daily slot as a guest host on Video Jet Today and a Column in the afternoon All NA TIMES. Ohhh yeah.
the Entertainment world you know, there are sacrifices. But who is worried, I mean statistically we have to keep a grasp of the bigger picture
ARENA
He's just a born Entertainer
Once Thad didn't so like it when the kid got real angry...
But obviously didn't Lutin just put the muscle to sleep
After all, Lutin is very popular now and that's all that really matters


WELCOME TO
AND


THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SALURI



GODDESS! YOUR FORM IS SO BEAUTIFUL!
SO BEAUTI-

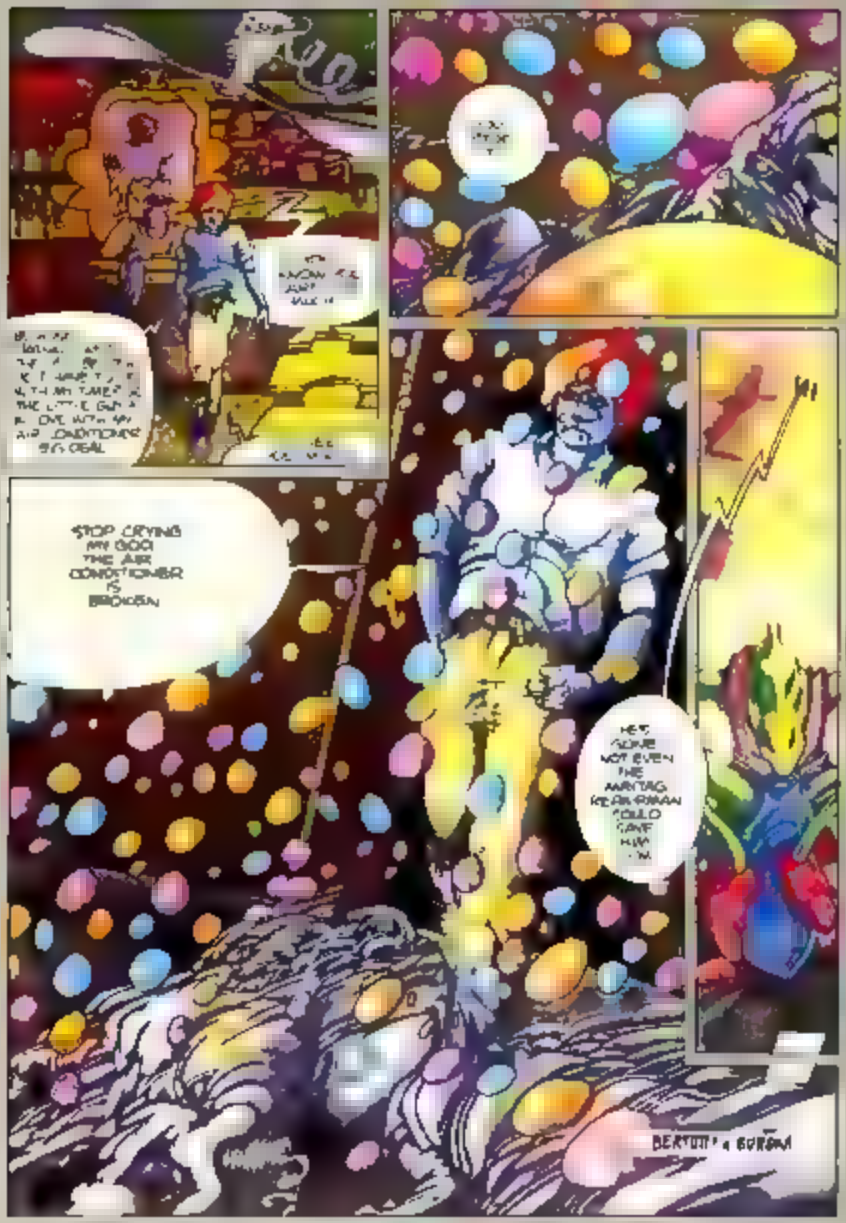
CLAD IN MY SHIP'S FORECASTLE, PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR MYSELF AND MY COMRADES.

TO BE CONTINUED

MARLOWSKITZ
♪ NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN NOBODY KNOWS BUT ME ♪
BROOM
AT LEAST THE AIR CONDITIONED HOTELS I HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL OF THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE KEPT LOCKED SO THAT NOT A DROPLET OF HOT AIR CAN FILTER THROUGH NOT A DROP NOT A THREAD NOT A PINCH
SCH SCH
WHAT A DRY SUCH A DRY
BZZWA

SUP
ZAP!

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN. I'M SORRY. BUT IT'S REALLY A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER
OH YOU CRY BABY
MAN
MAYBE FOR PHONING ME MIKE, I'VE HAD IT WITH THAT GUY
NO? IS ALL RIGHT
I SAW HIM GO BY. AND I FIGURED HE WAS ON HIS WAY UP TO SEE YOU, AS HE ALWAYS DO. BE PRESSED?
YEAH, MOST OF THE TIME. HE'S USED TO THE ARCTIC TEMPERATURE OF HIS OWN PLANET. THIS HEAT IS KILLING HIM. HE'S REALLY OKAY BUT HE CLINGS TO ME. JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET RID OF HIM
WHY DO YOU BOTHER WITH HIM? KICK HIM OUT


STOP CRYING MY GOD! THE AIR CONDITIONER IS BROKEN
HEY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE MARITAL REPRESENTATIVE

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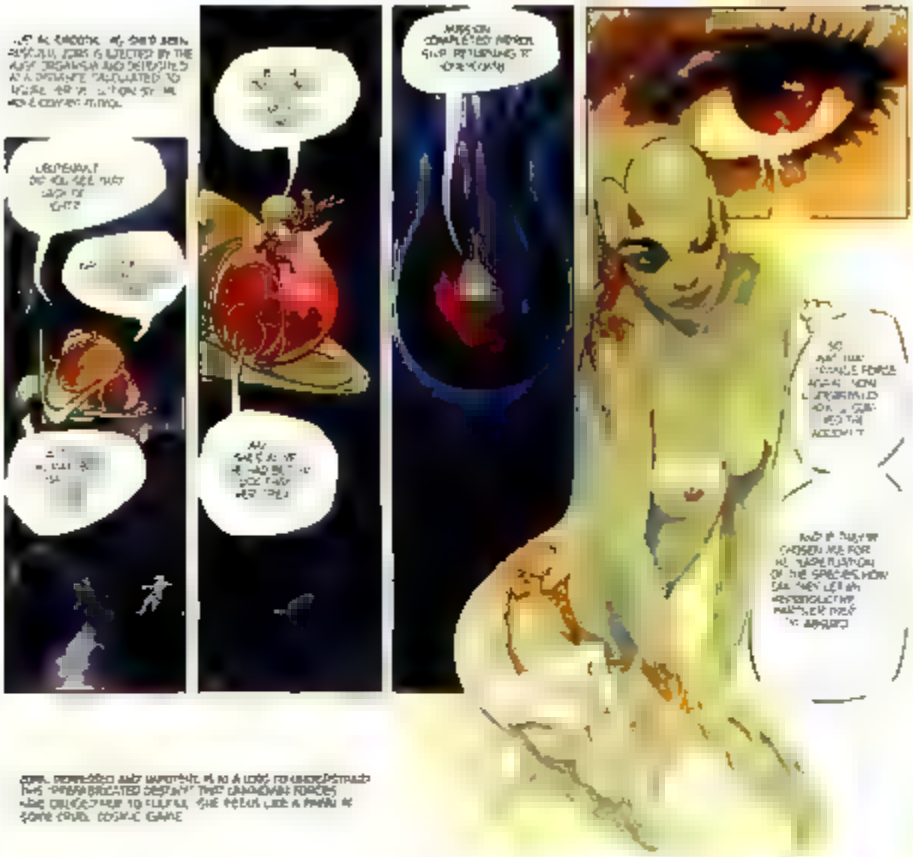
ZORA

OKAY, MASTER, SO I'M A PRISONER OF SOME PATHETIC INFERIOR SPECIES... I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME
YOUR IGNORANCE IS SO PROFOUND THAT YOUR FEEBLE MIND WOULD NOT GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO EXPLAIN THE ENTIRE HISTORY THAT BINDS ME TO IT
I DETECTED A PSIONIC FORCE FLOW AS TOWARDS YOU FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE GALAXY. IT WAS THAT FORCE THAT GUIDED YOU FROM ONBOTO. YOUR SHIP
SO, I WILL ATTEMPT TO DECIPHER SOME OF IT FOR YOU— ADJUSTING, OF COURSE, FOR YOUR MISERABLY LOW EVEL OF UNDERSTANDING
CONCENTRATING YOUR LIFE ENERGIES IN RELATION TO THE OTHERS BUT YOU WERE STILL IN DANGER SO I FLEW US TO THE DOCK X WE WERE ATTACKED TO
A PROBE A FORCE HAS ASSIGNED YOU A CELL AS ROLE IN THE FUTURE SURVIVAL OF YOUR SPECIES TOGETHER WITH A REPRODUCT IS PARTNER THEY ARE BY OMEGA TEMPERS YOU ALL KNOW THAT MEAN TO YOU. I NEED EVERYTHING YOU SEE HERE WILL ONLY REGISTER IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS AND BE INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN
NOW, CREATURE WHAT THINGS YOU ARE WARNINGS ARE NOT NECESSARY. IT IS YOU BE TRYING TO TEMPT ME
OKAY, JUST REMEMBER, YOU AS LIFE YOU OF THIS IS NO JOB FOR A NEW BIOLOGICAL PROBE FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION OF MASS I WILL SEND YOU OUT TO WHERE A CREATURE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE
AND RETURN TO MY PRIMARY TASK OF OBSERVING THIS GALAXY'S ARM WITH THE ENOUGH YOU TO YOUR OUTPUT
OKAY, SUDDEN CHANGE OF MIND TO LOWER INTENSITY TO SUCH A WHAT'S UP
OKAY, YOU ARE ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN THIS YOUR CREATURE A FELLOW TRAVELLER ON ANOTHER SPIRITUAL PHYSICAL PLANE


...SO AS RANDOM, AS SHE'D BEEN SPECIAL, JOAN IS SELECTED BY THE ALIEN ORGANISM AND DESTROYED AS A DISTANCE CALCULATED TO INSURE HER TOTAL AND COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.
UNSPEAKABLE! DO YOU SEE THAT LOOK OF FEAR?
AH! SHE'S AS IF HE HAD BEEN LOOK AT HER FACE
MISSION COMPLETED! ABORT SIGN RETURNING TO MOTHERSHIP
SO AND THUS CONSOLE FEMALE ARCHETYPE IS ELIMINATED FROM THE EQUATION
AND IF THEY'VE CHOSEN ME FOR THE ELIMINATION OF THE SPECIES, HOW CAN THEY BE AN INTERGALACTIC PARTNER FOR THE ARMIES?

CORA, DESPERATELY AND IMPOTENTLY, IS AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND THIS "PREFABRICATED DESTINY" THAT UNKNOWN FORCES HAVE CHOSEN HER TO FULFILL. SHE FEELS LIKE A PAWN IN SOME CRUEL COSMIC GAME.

DO THEN SAY WE ACCEDE TO THEIRS? ARE WE TO BE MERELY MEAN VEGETABLES OR ANIMAL AN LOW?
AND I, ALONE, FOR THE SAKE OF AN ARCANE RACIAL NOTHING, GAMES AN ENMITY TO BE HELD, CAN I FIGHT BEHALF SOMETHING WITHOUT KNOW: FIGHT AND TO EXTINCTION?
AH I TO BE THE MERE PAWN OF HUMANITY'S FUTURE? AND WHAT NOTHING MORE THAN ANONYMITY?
CORA COME, WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU

SOON THE HIBERNATION CHAMBER, WITH MANY MORE, IS PLACED IN THE TRANSPORT SHIP BRONCO. SUPERVISES THE LOADING
MAKE SURE AND USE THE SUITS IN FACT, BRONCO - THERE ARE HEATERS, OXYGEN FILTERS, AND OTHER LIFE SUPPORT GEAR
AGREED, KYLEN
WRAM

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#30/SEPTEMBER 79 Elric Buck Rogers a third helmet Frank and Red Wolf Jeronimo Mignola Corben and Vosburg

#31/OCTOBER 79 A Halloween issue is it? Overkill with Moebius Bilal Druillet Suydam Corben

#32/NOVEMBER 79 Starstruck Thomas Jodorowsky Heavy Blood Books Druillet's Epic Crazy Love Stars My Destination Moebius and more

#33/DECEMBER 79 A Christmas package with Cara Corben Richard Suydam Bilal Arnal Wrightson and Eisner

#34/JANUARY 80 A new year new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of new Starstruck new Bilal Heavy Metalers and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's Flood and much more

#35/FEBRUARY 80 An eerie Corben cover adorns the winter issue Corben The Band of Wolf Ken begins Mike Ploog's Mirage Frank Brunner and Dan Steffan with a crazy ending

#36/MARCH 80 Why did the Chevalier the Journey? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip Ran Corben Making Moebius and an Warren Goodwin

#37/APRIL 80: Cyril Jordan

#38/MAY 80 Does the nightmare Arthur at night? Will Alice ever go to Wild Conclusion with the Dr. Grade Will Jodorowsky's the Man Mercy can We never

#39/JUNE 80 Champagne and a fine pipe while gold is [illegible] Read all about Arthur in the [illegible] Moebius Earth!

#40 JULY 80 The Ascension of Supreme Commander Alex learns his real identity Major Grubert Pinkwater Brothers and Moebius returns with Stone Dane

#41/AUGUST 80 Special volume section is enlightened Squaw Moebius concludes Stone Dane and a mini-saga Brightmare by Pinkwater

#42 SEPTEMBER 80 The Arthur Pratt Supreme concludes after Pratt's Progress Jacques Tardi Dan Druillet Paul Gillon Moebius Corben Bilal Bilal Moebius Stone Dane Caza Giraud

#43/OCTOBER 80 SORRY SOLD OUT

#44 NOVEMBER 80 With the biggest issue ever! 80 new pages cover by Hermé Serazin 3 complete stories Druillet Moebius Corben Bilal Caza Giraud Tardi Gillon Paul Gillon Pinkwater and Dr. Arthur Pratt Jodorowsky stories Alex Dane Caza Giraud

#45/DECEMBER 80 SORRY SOLD OUT

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#48 MARCH 81 The Arzach John Bridges Epic Western Dan Jones Vance Robin Wood and The Ambassador of the Shadows Jodorowsky's Incal Moebius Corben Bilal Caza Giraud Tardi Gillon Paul Gillon Pinkwater and Dr. Arthur Pratt Jodorowsky stories Alex Dane Caza Giraud

#49 APRIL 81 Arzach and the Heavy Metal Odyssey Bilal Moebius Corben Bilal Caza Giraud Tardi Gillon Paul Gillon Pinkwater and Dr. Arthur Pratt Jodorowsky stories Alex Dane Caza Giraud

#50/MAY 81 Pleiades Paul Gillon Cody Starbuck and Bilal's The Inquisitor Alix Dan Corben's The Hollow Lands and Mignola's Quinquis and Corben

#51 JUNE 81 The Death of Arzach Corben Richard Corben Bilal Moebius Caza Giraud Tardi Gillon Paul Gillon Pinkwater and Dr. Arthur Pratt Jodorowsky stories Alex Dane Caza Giraud

#52/JULY 81 SORRY – SOLD OUT

#53 AUGUST 81 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#52/SEPTEMBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#53/OCTOBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#54/NOVEMBER '81 Jeronaton's Egg of the World, Neil Jones, Segrelles, and illustrations from the art of Leo and Diane Dillon [illegible]

#57/DECEMBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#58/JANUARY '82 Our Happy [illegible] issue includes [illegible] Star Wars, [illegible] Autodefensive War by [illegible] Ace, [illegible] Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles [illegible]

#59/FEBRUARY '82 [illegible] further adventures of John Difool [illegible] West and Druillet [illegible] Gideon Faust gets going again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, [illegible]

#60/MARCH '82 Our [illegible] issue featuring the Malevolence [illegible] [illegible] Druillet, [illegible] Montellier, [illegible]

#61/APRIL '82 [illegible] Moebius, Bilal, [illegible]

#62/MAY '82 [illegible] part of Dan O. Blacks [illegible] Schwartberger [illegible] Segrelles and Vallejo [illegible]

#63/JUNE '82 We proudly bring [illegible] Voss, Caza, [illegible] Moebius [illegible] Druillet [illegible]

#64/JULY '82 [illegible] and pages from [illegible] Plus Jones [illegible]

#65/AUGUST '82 We [illegible] Jones and [illegible] [illegible] Plus the finale of [illegible] by Moebius and Jodorowsky [illegible]

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 [illegible] Bernet, Hinge [illegible] Plus [illegible] Fernandez [illegible]

#67/OCTOBER '82 [illegible] Studio Druillet [illegible] thing from Little Poe [illegible] Druillet [illegible]

#68/NOVEMBER '82 [illegible] Kaluta's Starstruck, [illegible] and Druillet's [illegible]

#69/DECEMBER '82 A [illegible] Gandy, [illegible] return of [illegible]

[illegible] Murdoch and Mara [illegible] [illegible] Plus our regulars Corben, Fernandez and [illegible]

#70/JANUARY '83 We bring the strange [illegible] to Blueberry [illegible] Freak Show, a look at the Dark Tower [illegible] and our regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, [illegible] reading

#71/FEBRUARY '83 The making of the [illegible] Dim Daark [illegible] and our regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

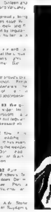
#72/MARCH '83 We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath and a [illegible] Didn't Feel [illegible] A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more

#73/APRIL '83 Matt [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] the Odyssey, along with Kaluta, Crepax and John Workman

#74/MAY '83 Kaluta and Lee's Starstruck, Starblade, Marvano's [illegible] the robotic detective and the [illegible] Manara and [illegible] The Age [illegible] Cover by Frank Rayo [illegible] and a back by Rick Meyerowitz

#75/JUNE '83 Corben's [illegible] the end of [illegible] The Man from Harlem [illegible]

#76/JULY '83 Liberatore's [illegible] the end of Kaluta's Starstruck [illegible] interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at [illegible]



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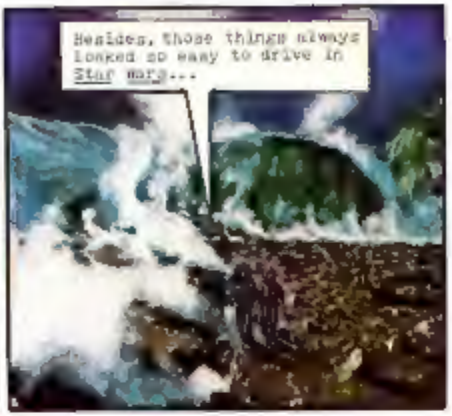
ROCK OPERA

Come on, Marty...
if we don't take it to the mother ship [illegible] never
[illegible] up" push these little bu[illegible] and take off

VROOM!

CRASH!



Excuse me, gentlemen, but I couldn't help flashing onto your bewilderment number. Welcome to Upper Lower Middle Earth, sometimes called Hyperbolia, sometimes called Southern California...
We get the picture. Who the hell are you?
Me? Why I'm a fairy, of course. Silly.

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To be continued...

the bus

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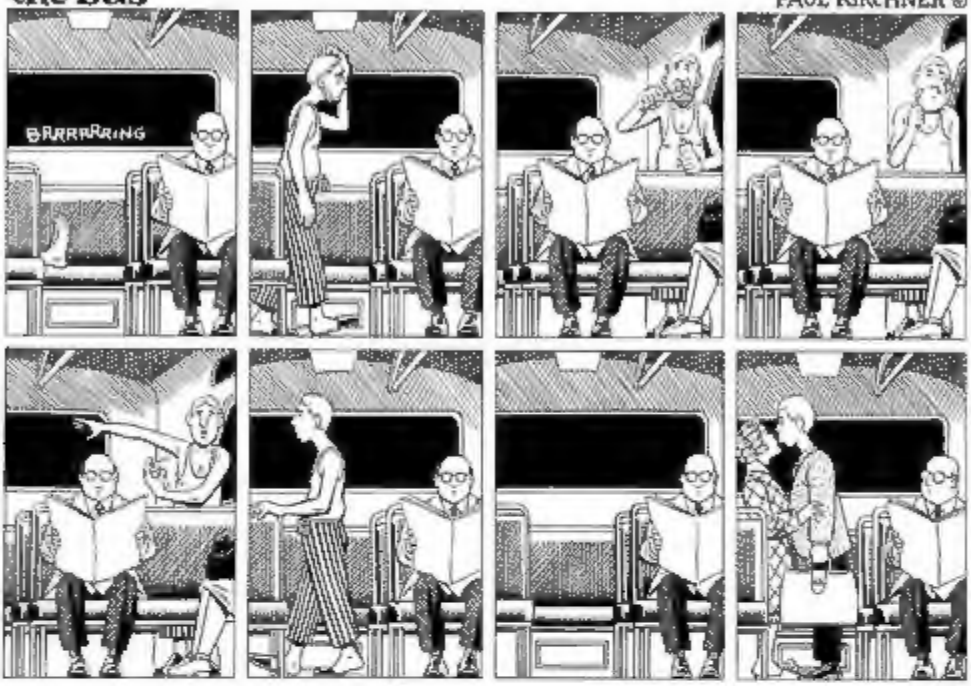

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